

DEDICATED to the **BRITISH ARMY.**

MILITARY SKETCHES.

BY

EDWARD DREWE, *K*

LATE

MAJOR of the 35th **REGIMENT OF FOOT.**

————— Cut off from Glory's race,
Which never mortal was more fond to run,
Unknown I fall—no tongue shall speak of me:
But some brave spirits, judging from themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have been.

TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

EXETER:

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MDCCLXXXIV.



T O T H E
OFFICERS OF THE
BRITISH ARMY.

Exon, May 1, 1784.

GENTLEMEN,

IT will be needless to inform you who it is that addresses you, perhaps for the last time. My dispute with the unfortunate Governor of St. Eustatius, and the ruin of my Military Fortune, have long engaged your Attention.

In 1782, I dedicated to you my Case, if that name can be given to a true copy of the Proceedings on my Court Martial, without comment or mutilation. As my reasons for publishing
A it,

it, are intimately connected with those which induce me to lay the following Sketches before you, I beg to give them to you at large.

On my return from the New World, deprived of all but my Honour, I found my acquaintance divided into three classes: Friends, enemies, and neutrals. I judged, that those friends, who knew my case, would think it somewhat unguarded in me, to publish my little errors to the world, when my material character was sound; yet, that other friends, who were ignorant of my case, would be anxious to learn it; and if I concealed it from them, might give credit to those reports which my enemies had most industriously circulated. In the mean time the neutrals, knowing that I was cashiered, and unacquainted with the particulars of my fate, would of course put the most unfavourable construction on my conduct. Besides this, the anxiety occasioned by answering perpetual questions on an ungrateful topic, threatened

threatened to disturb my future peace ; nor could any answer of mine be convincing, as it would be supposed to flow less from truth than the desire of exculpation. I therefore found it necessary to publish, to convince my friends, that whatever my errors had been, my character, as a gentleman and a man of spirit, stood unshaken ; boldly to shew the world, that I declined not laying the naked facts before it ; in full confidence, that, when my unimpeached character in essentials, proved by the testimony of veteran officers, and strengthened by the voice of Majesty itself, should be published at my own expence, it might prevent insult from those, who knew only my sentence but were uninformed of the causes which produced it.

So fully has this publication answered my views, that I was determined to give it more general circulation, by prefixing it to this little work, that you might see at one glance what I was, and what I would have been, had

I met with favour instead of enmity. But my adversary has fallen also ; and on the very day, which blended me with the peaceful. Rest to his military remains ! In no period of his misfortunes, have I indulged myself in acrimony or triumph. I am the victim of his faults, yet I have never detracted from his merits. But tho' I have withdrawn the publication of my case, yet I trust I may be indulged in some quotations from it ; especially as I conceive them so necessary to me, that the credit of this work would be affected should they be kept from public view. Much as I scorn an ungenerous advantage, yet I am not enough a Roman to suffer my fame to sink, out of delicacy to one, who sought entirely to destroy it. I bring no new matter forth. I quote from a book, that has been in pretty general circulation since 1782, long before the capture of St. Eustatius ; and I use it no further, than as I think my character requires.

As

As I have apologized for the extracts I am about to make use of, I will now point out to you the necessity which calls them forth. There are many people, even yet unacquainted with my case, further than that I was cashiered for disobedience: will they not be astonished at my insolence in publishing in my own name a treatise to inculcate obedience? Besides, these little sketches are chiefly intended for the younger part of the army. But example is more prevalent than precept; and readers will pay little attention to rules, however just, which they are told the author himself was unable or unwilling to follow. The advice of the clergyman to his parishioners, when he told them to attend to his precepts not his example, was founded more in humour than in truth; and before I can hope that this work will gain attention, I feel myself bound to produce evidence, that my disobedience was not voluntary, that it was ungenial to every feeling of my soul,

foul, and was called forth by an unexampled situation, which changed my merits into crimes, and where every struggle for fair fame strained tighter the cords of oppression. I shall first then give you part of the evidence of some veteran officers, as it stands in my defence. Men whose experience made them fit judges of military honor, and whose minds could not be too favourably biased, since by money and interest I had robbed them of that preferment, which, had approved merit its reward, would have been theirs long before.

Questions proposed by me to Capt. Fitzgerald.

Q. Have you known me from my first entrance into the army? and did I come over your head as an officer?

A. I have had the honour of being acquainted with you, from your first entrance into the army, until the present time, a space of about eleven years. You did come over my head as an officer.

Q. What has been my conduct, as an officer and a gentleman?

A. To

A. To my knowledge you always did your duty, with great alacrity, spirit, and attention, on real and actual service. I have always known you stick to the honor, and principles of a gentleman, and never knew you deviate from them in any respect.

Q. Have I not lived on the most intimate footing with the officers of the 35th regiment, until I became Major to it? And did I not always shew the utmost respect to my commanding officers?

A. You have always been on the very best terms with every officer of the regiment, from the Colonel to the Ensign, and was highly esteemed and respected by all the field officers under whom you served, Lieut. Colonel Cockburn *excepted*.—You have always paid the utmost respect to your superior officers.

Q. Did I ever mention to you my reasons for declining the regimental parades? And if so, what were they?

A. You told me that it was well known, on your being appointed Major, you shewed every intention in your power, to be on a good footing with Lieut. Col. Cockburn; but finding it morally impossible, and that Col. Cockburn had not behaved to you in a manner that a Lieut. Colonel

Colonel should to a Major, you declined attending parades, lest the men in particular, should observe any disagreeable altercations, between the Lieut. Colonel and the Major.

Questions to Capt. Campbell.

Q. From the time you first knew me, what has been my conduct, as an officer and a gentleman?

A. I never knew any thing in prejudice of your character, before the present misfortunes on the island of St. Lucia.

Q. Have I not always lived on the best terms with my corps, and paid the utmost respect to my commanding officers?

A. Very much so to the best of my knowledge, and I never *heard* any thing to the contrary.

Questions from me to Capt. Massey.

Q. How long have you known me, and have we been intimate?

A. I have known you more than nine years, and we have been intimate.

Q. From the day of your first seeing me (not allowing for my most social and unguarded hours) did you ever find, in
any

any part of my conduct, any propensity to quarrels, riot, or buckism, or any point inconsistent with the strict character of a gentleman?

A. Your conduct was irreproachable to the best of my opinion, and such as would bear a scrutiny.

Q. What has been my conduct as an officer?

A. Unexceptionable; exclusive of the accusations now exhibited against you.

Q. Have I not taken every opportunity of seeking occasions to be distinguished? And did I ever murmur at any duty I was ordered on?

A. You have fought every occasion to be distinguished, and ever did your duty with spirit, pleasure, alacrity, and attention.

Q. Did I ever assign to you my reasons for declining the parades? And if I did, what were they?

A. You did; and said, that Lieut. Col. Cockburn's ill treatment of you was such at the head of the regiment, that you would not put yourself in a like situation again, but would inform the Commander in Chief on his arrival of your motives for declining those parades, and the duty of the regiment.

B

To

To convince you that I was serious in this last resolution, I will now lay before you my letter to the Commander in Chief in consequence of it, written immediately after my application for the command in second of the grenadiers, then ordered for an expedition: A time in which it would have been madness to have pointed out my ill conduct myself. The conclusion then is fairly this, that I supposed the very steps which occasioned my undoing, were the most proper and justifiable that my circumstances would admit of. It is necessary to premise, that the appearance of a French fleet put an end to the expedition.

To General VAUGHAN.

SIR,

MAY I intreat your indulgence for the last letter I shall perhaps trouble you with. Your Excellency's favourable reception of my application for the grenadiers, gives me hopes, that you may one day call me
forth

forth to view. But, alas! Sir, the prospect is far distant, and I am again given up to the malice of my enemies, with the additional aggravation of being thought a man, whose conduct you have approved, whose services were acceptable to you, and whose disappointment of course they wish to render more bitter. If my staying in this garrison could be of any material service, I should acquiesce without a murmur. But, Sir, having tried every method reason and honour could dictate, to keep on terms with my lieutenant-colonel, even until I was at variance with officers, by whom I was once universally beloved, I have given up so extravagant a hope; and unwilling to let the regiment see publicly a disagreement between those who should be united, have declined all parades and all command.

Now, Sir, let me again repeat my former request. Is it in your power to give me any employment under you? Will your Excellency accept of me as an extra aid-du-camp? My little independence puts me above the idea of pay. I do not expect to carry dispatches in preference to your established aids-du-camp. I willingly decline the pomp of rank, in favour of any post you may appoint me to.

My wish is, to convince you how much my military ardour is tempered with *obedience*; and under your friendly shelter, to recover sufficient peace of mind, and warmth of emulation, to justify any command you may hereafter entrust me with.

This letter, Sir, is not a letter written from ostentation. My soul lives in every sentence of it. You have much, Sir, in your power; I am sure you will not damp those hopes I have placed in your protection; you will not sentence an active and feeling spirit, again to exile and oblivion.

I have the honour to be, &c.

But now let me add the main prop which has supported my falling fame. Let me finally lay before you the most singular and flattering testimony that ever was paid to merit in misfortune; no less than the condoling voice of Majesty itself, given me in the very moment of my dismissal from the service.

Extra

*Extract of a letter from Sir CHARLES GOULD,
Judge Advocate General, to Lord AMHERST.*

Dated Horse-Guards, Sept. 21, 1780.

I Have had the honour of laying these proceedings before the King, who has taken into his royal consideration the several matters produced in evidence, wishing to have discovered some ground for a mitigation of the sentence. He has commanded me to express, that it is with much *regret*, having been informed of the prisoner's spirited behaviour, and the wounds sustained by him in the service of his country, as well as of his unimpeached character as a *gentleman*, that his Majesty finds some charges, and those but too clearly supported by evidence, which render it indispensibly necessary, in point of example, and for the enforcing a *strict* obedience to discipline, to dismiss the prisoner, Edward Drewe, from his service, as Major of the 35th regiment of foot.

You will please here to remark a singularity in the wording of this sentence. I am not dismissed the service altogether, or rendered *incapable* of serving:

serving: But, for the enforcing a *strict* obedience to discipline, I am dismissed only as Major of the 35th regiment of foot.

If these extracts speak not for themselves, all further comment will be needless.

And now I am on this subject for the last time, give me leave to unburthen myself most fully. I trespass on your patience, but garrulity is the privilege of misfortune. Tho' some sanguine friends may enter into all my feelings, yet I am aware that there are others very respectable, but of more temperate minds, or such as have never known misfortune, who will tell me, that I should leave it to *them* to hold me up to honor. A waggon (says the fable) stuck in the mire. The waggoner fell on his knees: "Oh Hercules assist me!" "Put your *own* shoulder to the waggon, (says the god) and then I will assist thee." A man's friends will be little solicitous of supporting

supporting his reputation, if he seems indifferent about it himself. But perhaps I may have a maxim given me, in return for my fable. It may be hinted to me, that *true* merit is modest. Let me restore the reading, and say, that *successful* merit is modest. The successful man may cover himself safely with the veil of affected modesty, conscious that public fame will soon draw it aside, and expose the generous hypocrite to view. But should there exist a case, in which, by an indiscriminate sentence, he, whose breast glows with the flame of glory, is in danger of being classed with the mutinous or cowardly; he, who has attentively studied his profession, of being blended with the uninformed and the idle; he, whose courage has been directed by reason, of being confounded with the inconsiderate and impetuous: In such a case, his mind will collect itself into becoming indignation; the plea of false modesty will not be attended to; and

and, tho' the uncandid and unfeeling may upbraid him, yet the voice of injured honor will be heard most loudly; for what in the successful man is boasting, is in the unfortunate only vindication.

But tho' my character is now, I trust, sufficiently established as to courage, yet this is little satisfaction to me, for meer personal bravery is but a very secondary quality in a field officer. My prosecutor, in his reply, says (alluding to me) "Thank God, every British Soldier possesses true courage; something more, I conceive, is required from the *officer*." I most fully assent to the truth of this remark, tho' I cannot admit the propriety of the application.

Misplaced courage may be as fatal to an army, as cowardice. Wide is the difference between constitutional bravery, under the impulse of ignorance, and the courage of the mind, perfected by reflection. I must again express my fears, lest the implication
may

may affect my character with those who knew me not, and it is in the firm trust of acquittal from having deserved it, that I submit the following sketches to your candor; convinced, that you will find my ideas of the superior character of an officer, fully equal to those entertained by my Lieut. Colonel, if they do not even border on the romantic. If I have studied my profession on wrong principles, you will at least find that I did not pride myself in ignorance. If my ambition was directed to views now it seems of little consequence, you will find I did not wander from them, but pursued the path which I thought the right one, till it terminated in a fatal precipice. In short, you have here the principles on which I had formed myself; and which, had not my blossoms been early nipped, it would have been my pride to have cultivated to maturity.

C

The

The Letter to a Young Officer, which stands first in this book, was circulated among you at New-York by Mr. Rivington, without my consent or knowledge. I had ordered him to print a few copies at my own expence, and, on my arrival in the West-Indies, was not a little surprised to find that he had made it a general publication. Another circumstance respecting this letter has not a little perplexed me. While it was now a second time in the press, a friend pointed out to me an extract from it in the Critical Review for May last, at page 351. I stopped the printing, till I could make enquiry if it had ever been published in England. I had recourse to all the reviews and Magazines, trusting that if the work had been worthy attention, I might have found some hints to have profited by, and many errors in stile and composition pointed out for my amendment. But as all my enquiries have been unsuccessful, I can
only

only declare, that I am ignorant how the passage crept in, since I am so entirely unconnected with the writers of the Critical Review, as not even to know them by name. I have preserved the original preface for reasons which will be obvious on perusing it.

My letters to the Hibernian Chronicle were written in 1774, but were never published. I have much to plead for attacking a system of discipline now generally adopted, and on which many officers have raised a high military reputation; but human nature is liable to error. I publish these letters, trusting that any inattentions to the minutiae of service, which may have been attributed in me to levity, or inadvertence, will now appear to spring from a different cause: From my having viewed them as closely as others, but perhaps thro' the wrong end of the perspective, which presented them to me in a less important point of view than that in which they are seen by disciplinarians. But observe,

serve, that this apology is applicable only if I *should* be wrong. The voice of the many will not convince me that I *am* so. I cannot easily be persuaded that sense and reason are always on that side. I shall make only one remark on the speech of Potomakow, which is, that general satire cannot affect individuals. Every one of you who has served in America, will remember the errors pointed out in it: and that correction which amends is surely a friendly one. The sketches which fill the middle of the book, are perhaps scarce worthy of attention. Of the Contrasts which succeed them, the first was published at the end of my Letter to a Young Officer, the other is of a later date, and those who read our periodical publications will remember having seen the latter part of it. These contrasts are humble attempts at a new mode of drawing characters. I intended to have added a few more, but as I was diffident of success, I declined the task. My
views

views in this little work respect only my character as a soldier; my pretensions to literary fame are but very moderate.

The verses which conclude this book were published in 1776; I have since exchanged the name of Lycidas for Dorilas; I thought it prudent to keep Milton out of your view. Did I think my character now wanted support, I should break thro' the rules of delicacy by naming the friend they are addressed to, and thus claim the habits of honor and intimacy with one of the most rising military men of these days. But with those who know me, my reputation needs no such support; with those to whom I am unknown, I trust the testimonies already given will establish it.

My motives for annexing this poem arise, I hope, from a justifiable consciousness. I wish that you should learn what firmness and serenity of mind I possessed when in pain and most imminent danger. Those, whose
kindness

kindness soothed my sufferings at Boston, well know it was not written from a bed of roses.

In perusing these sketches you will find that I have endeavoured to avoid the charge of plagiarism, by acknowledging every sentence I have borrowed. A man of very moderate reading will often mistake the thoughts of others for his own; and perhaps there are many plagiarisms still interwoven in this work of which I am at present unconscious. Should such be hereafter discovered, I hope you will not say they have been *detected*.

These trifles have been long since promised. It will be asked me, why they have been kept back till a period when the case to which they allude is nearly forgotten? I answer thus: I still indulged the delusive hope, that when my Monarch should learn more particularly my case, and know the attention paid to me (tho' unfortunate) by all with whom I had served, he might think my long suspension
from

from rank an expiation for my faults, and restore me again to my profession. But in these times of alarming tumult the wrongs of an individual must not perhaps claim attention from a King. Be it so ; I retire from my favourite pursuits with regret, yet with resignation. My King shall still find in me a most loyal subject ; nor in times of domestic danger shall my exertions be wanting to my country. Considered as a man once a soldier, many mortifications are yet in store for me. I must now submit to see my juniors rise over me into high rank ; nay, gain honour in those commands which it was once my ambition to have obtained. Yet out of the wreck of my fortunes some advantages still remain to me, as the man of peace ; viz. competence, connexion, and numerous well-wishers. Was I conscious that I had deserved my fate, I would have twined around these props, nor should you ever more have heard of me as a soldier. Three years have
now

now elapsed since I fell; passion and prejudice must long have given place to reflection. I have indulged that reflection in looking into my military conduct with a scrutinizing eye; in that scrutiny I have often found my cheek suffused with the conscious pride of a warrior, but never has it confessed the blush of shame. I have my errors; I frankly own them; they are incident to humanity, and I possess them with the world in common; but was every error as pertinaciously punished as mine have been, the King would have few *experienced* officers in his army. Who then would wish me to desert my name, my family, and myself? No. Let my passport for oblivion be signed when it will, it shall not be marked with *my* signature. Could my reflections on past service be bought with the wealth of worlds, I would mock the offer with scorn. I reverence the law of my country, tho' I fall by their misconstruction. I pledge myself a
 faithful

faithful citizen of that state which I am no longer permitted to defend. But yet shall my expiring breath avow the uprightness of my intentions, and arraign the rigour of my sentence.

And now, in the most solemn and affectionate state of mind, let me bid you my final adieu. Let me gratefully thank you, for the countenance you have shewn me, in every period of my varying fortunes: For attentions which have brightened even my prosperous days, dispelled the gloom from my adverse ones, and which, reflecting the consciousness of my breast, will, I trust, raise me above all events on this side that happy and triumphant state, when human trouble shall be no more. I am,

With great truth and esteem,

Gentlemen,

Your most obliged

And faithful servant,

Edward Drewe.

faithful citizen of that state which I
am no longer permitted to defend.
But yet shall my expiring breath ever
be a witness of my intentions, and
assign the rigor of my sentence.

And now, in the most solemn and
affectionate terms of mind, let me bid
you my final adieu. Let me grate-
fully thank you, for the countenance
you have given me, in every period of
my varying fortunes: let me acknowledge
which have distinguished over my pro-
genies those distinguished in whom I have
myself seen, and with a reverent
the contemplation of which will

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ERRATA.

PAGE LINE

- 37——10 for *few subalterns* read *subalterns*.
- 43——23 *case* read *care*.
- 48——13 *those the* read *the*.
- 67——16 *their heads* read *his head*.
- 115——8 *shaked* read *shak'd*.
- 122——21 *now* read *thus*.

Verbal inaccuracies, which affect neither the sense nor the grammatical construction, may be easily rectified by the reader.

2 JY 61

A

L E T T E R

T O A

YOUNG OFFICER.



INTRODUCTION

TO THE
FIRST EDITION,

Published at New-York.

THIS letter was written by the desire of a young officer of merit. The writer's friends have prevailed on him to print off a few copies of it, for their perusal. It is perhaps necessary to mention this, lest any person who may meet with it in its present form, and guess at the author, should mistake his intention, and suppose he meant this sketch, imperfectly drawn up amidst the din of arms, and dedicated to private friendship, for a compleat system, boldly held forth to the severest strictures of public criticism.

A 2

Thus

Thus stood my apology for this little Essay, in the proof sheet; I have since found it necessary to say something more in its excuse.

My friends have very properly thought, that many expressions used in it would discover the author to his acquaintance; and that, because it appears in print, it would still be supposed of a public nature, the young officer it is addressed to a fictitious character, and the Introduction on the plan of those affectedly modest ones, with which some authors intrude their farragos on the world; therefore they wished it to be carefully revised. I submitted. Various are men's opinions; various are the materials of this essay; of course all parts could not suit all men. Friendship applauded the piece as an whole, but scarce a single part of it escaped from an objection. One friend hinted, that my bringing in religion was combating too much on sacred ground; another disclaimed a system of advice which excluded so necessary a branch; not a few (who felt its influence) conceived it an unfashionable subject,

subject. My definition of gallantry was too refined; at present it was little understood, and still less felt. And my idea of an accomplish'd general out-heroded perfection.

I have before me the celebrated fable of the Miller, Son, and Ass; and since to suit the work to all fancies will be to destroy it entirely, I will abide by the moral of the fable, follow my own way, and cast it on the charity of those who may by accident meet with it, with all its imperfections on its head. This I must premise however, that it contains sentiments which I have perhaps more cultivated in my mind, than justified by my example. If the generous man who peruses it shall find himself amended either by the sting of satire, or spur of emulation, I am repaid for all the attacks it may suffer. But should there be any man of so unkind a temper as to lose in the errors of the author the honest intention of the friend, I shall console myself with this reflection, "That the piece was not written for HIM."

The

The few notes subjoined, consist of thoughts on the subject, which, having occur'd to me since the composition of this essay, could not be interwoven into the body of the piece.

A LETTER

A
L E T T E R
T O A
Y O U N G O F F I C E R.

P A R T I.

Sublime Part of a Soldier's Duty.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

YOU ask my advice for your conduct in the difficult profession which you have embrac'd. Neither age nor experience entitle me to give you a regular system for it, which, from the many varying circumstances of life, can only be drawn from observation.

Yet a few years service has furnish'd me with some hints which may be useful; and I shall give them to you, as they occur, in as much form as my leisure will permit.

The two principal things you must consider, in embracing the military line, are,

First,

First, If you are possess'd of the peculiar disposition which is essential in giving you a relish for it.

Secondly, If you have a sufficient resolution of mind to support this disposition.

You may answer, perhaps, that all men possess these requisites, since almost all men meet peril with intrepidity. I wish this answer was as true, as it is specious; but I am afraid on a strict examination we shall find, that although of those many warriors, who from the earliest period, have offered their lives to the service, scarce six in a century have shrunk from danger; yet that there are not so many as we may suppose possessed of a true military spirit, or even of a well directed courage.

Let us now examine what is a true military spirit.

A disposition which fits us for any particular plan of life must be so framed as to afford us actual enjoyment in the execution of it, or else so enamour us of the reward attending it when executed, as to make us suppose this a sufficient recompence for passing through the medium of inconvenience. A profession which consequently deprives a man of ease, pleasure, country, constitution, nay of personal safety itself, no man can possibly enjoy; but that he has fixed his hopes on some future reward which may amply compensate him for this sacrifice; and, as the sacrifice is that of every comfort which mankind in general think essential to their happiness,

happinefs, that turn of mind muft be far from common, that can form to itfelf any reward to make amends for it.

What then are the rewards which military men form to themfelves, as they arife from their various difpofitions?

One man grows old in care to preferve, or increafe his fmall annual pittance. Alas ! pecuniary rewards, as they are difgraceful to true glory, are feldom found in this profeflion, except in the illegal practice of plunder.

Another man is pushed on by the hopes of power and rank. This principle is equally felfifh and miftaken. The military line is perhaps the only one in which you muft be abfolutely poffeffed of riches and power, before you can increafe your rank or affluence.

Some difgrace the nobleft of profefions by fup-
pofing it a vehicle for the indulgence of vicious ha-
bits ; others (more modeft) do actions which
would give credit to Alexander, in hopes of being
admired by the ladies. The one, forgetting that
cold and want, the conftant companions of a
camp, ill fuit with a luxurious temper ; the other,
that climate, contagion, or the momentary chance
of war, may produce deformity or death. What
then is the reward which muft compenfate for
fo many misfortunes ? It is Glory. Not that
glory which hopes its recompence from the voice

of popular fame alone, but that which is founded on a sense of just and meritorious actions. We are born the debtors of society; in discharging the debt, the noble mind repays itself. A soul sensible to glory, will despise the selfish rewards of a mean one: to him the approbation of his Prince, or the applauding shouts of his country, will be Indies, diadems, and crowns; and if moreover these public sounds of joy should meet an echo from within, he will then be a very chymist in happiness; he will crowd into that one triumphant moment, the common pleasure of an age.

This, my William, is a true military spirit, and such as I am convinced you are possessed of *

Since we have touched on the peculiar disposition necessary for the army, let us now consider what degree of resolution is required to support it.

By resolution is commonly meant bravery, or the habit of defying danger. But how few act on this

* The *trophies* (not the *spoils*) of Miltiades deprived Themistocles of his rest. One shout of public applause was showered on the hero of Salamis, and he confessed himself repaid for all his toils.

The loss of command affected not the godlike Epaminondas; he was poor in interest, but he was rich in fame; and perhaps that one triumphant moment when the whole army called him forth from a private sentinel to the chief command, once more to preserve ungrateful Thebes, wiped away every former disgrace.

Vid. Plur. in vit. Themist. & Pelop.

this principle of defiance, unless swayed by some motive or accidental cause, which takes much from its merit? One man marches to action with a daring insensibility, because he has never reflected on its consequences; another is weary of existence; a third knows not its value; a fourth fears being broke with disgrace; a fifth is insensible to disgrace, and trembles only for his commission.

I could quote many more instances, but you will demand of me who is a brave man? Is he one swayed by noble Principles, and insensible to danger? No. He is one swayed indeed by noble principles, and yet sensible to every danger.

There is a dread of peril interwoven with the constitution of man: this dread is called forth chiefly by reflection. The man of reason must feel it in all its force. But in proportion to his feeling, so much the more noble his resistance. A scene of universal carnage melts the tender heart. The very thought, that life, youth, and happiness in this world, are staked against a dark uncertainty in the next, and that the cast is the chance of a moment, must alarm the bravest breast. Since the man of reason sinks beneath those weaknesses, which the thoughtless and insensible feel not, what has he to support his mind in the consequent horror of his situation. If that mind has been directed to its proper point, he has shields of tenfold adamant, principle, providence, and a good conscience.

As I have mentioned two words which our depraved age has never supposed to have been used, but with an eye to hypocrisy, even although from the mouth of a divine, I shall explain in what sense I would have them understood. By a good conscience, I mean not the consciousness of a breast void of failing. Youth is an unsurmountable bar to the mastery of the passions, nor can it be supposed, that he who is but just entangled in the gilded snares of this world, should ardently fix his affections on another. Time only (the slow, yet certain conqueror of the passions) by convincing us of the folly of this state, can prepare us cheerfully to quit it. But it is in every man's power to exert in some measure his reason, and in the satisfaction of reflecting that this has been exerted, if not to the best of his intentions, yet of his power, consists perhaps the charitable idea of a good conscience. God is all powerful, but he is also all merciful and all wise.

Providence is a word, perhaps not only misunderstood, but by zealots innocently, nay religiously applied to ideas verging on impiety. There are not wanting some, who, reflecting on the general providence of God, have applied it to particulars, and intimately included themselves in the number; have dared imagine, that he whose *fiat* created the world, is anxiously attentive to all the little actions

actions of their lives, nay the author of every trivial accident which befalls them. Thus perverting the purpose of religion; and instead of possessing a due veneration for the majesty of God, reducing that all-powerful Being to the state of an assiduous, yet responsible domestic. Shall I dare think that he has spread his wing over me, when a Pitcairn and an Abercromby fell? or has loaded me with sickness as a correction in that hour when I was most resigned to his sway? We are told that he is all-wise, and as far as human reason can, such I will endeavour to conceive him. The true religious principle then *perhaps* is to acknowledge his general protecting power, yet be *diffident* of its *particular* exertion. To be conscious of your faults, yet insult not his mercy by despair. That arm created not to destroy, but where it meets with impenitence. Humbly acknowledge then your frailties, and have a firm reliance on being received into his paternal bosom.

A man in this disposition of mind, will far exceed in heroism any *constitutional* warrior.

As a brave man (if such there is) relies on a particular strength of nerves, his bravery often fails at any sudden shock, which an unexpected accident may occasion; but the man of resolution having weighed all events, is prepared for every situation, nay the solemn state of his mind will
cast

cast a majestic serenity around him, and, by checking the ardour of his spirit, give him that steady coolness which is not inherent in his nature, nor ever to be attained by the brave man.

Having now given you some hints on resolution in its *limited* sense, that is, as it respects bravery or defiance of danger, let us now take a view of it in its more *general* one, that is, as it also comprises fortitude or defiance of evil; and in this light I am apprehensive it has been too little considered.

How often do we find soldiers, who have fought with spirit, shrinking beneath the knife of the surgeon; or at every change of climate, fortune or food, exclaiming against the service, and regretting that they were not enabled to leave it?

I will not in mercy suppose those men void of fortitude, but surely they have ill informed themselves of the many hazards of our profession.

Does all courage consist in supporting a few moments of danger? Is it not exerted (and possibly with more force) in supporting pain or misfortune? Does a man appear less a hero when smiling at his wounds with resolution, than when rushing into those scenes where he must expect to receive them? I will be bold to say, that I once imbibed more philosophy to support me in my sufferings from the unmanly wailings of a wounded officer, who just before had dared even death itself,
than

than from all the reasoning I could ever bring to my assistance.*

But it is not in pain only, but in inconvenience, in disappointment, in all the varying anxieties of our tumultuous life, that this fortitude is a necessary attendant; yet its exertion should not produce a Stoical indifference, but rather a calm philosophic resignation. This then is the touchstone of a true and noble spirit; let us resign to the mere soldier his claim to personal bravery, since fortitude is the birthright of the hero.†

The requisites necessary to form a soldier having been considered, let us now take a view of the duties of his profession.

The first principle of a soldier (his duty to society excepted) is a uniform and steady obedience; I will not pretend to define how far that obedience binds in case of a second massacre at Glencow, or the absolute subversion of our liberties; when there is a probability of the ones happening,

* This may appear personal; I wish to avoid these things; but it is impossible to guess at the man I mean, as no man living is in possession of his name from me. I shall therefore only say, *qui capit ille fecit*.

† It is in the hour of danger or calamity that the mind calls forth its native vigour. To the little soul belong the pleasures of life: the noble spirit triumphs in combating nature and misfortune.

pening, or a possibility of the others, it will be full time enough to prepare for the event.

Obedience then, as it is our first principle, it should seem is also our first duty : no, it is not ; for our modern soldiers, imitating that nice distinction in politics, which has separated private from public virtue, have indeed granted obedience to be a duty, but yet have separated duty from obedience. Let us trace this refined innovation to its source.

That obedience in general was at first a soldier's duty, I believe has never been disputed. But as it was found necessary, to preserve health, that there should be some relaxation from fatigue, only a part of a regiment was kept on duty at one time ; the names of the men and officers were entered in a book called a *Roster*, by which every man might know his hours of relaxation, admitting (as I suppose) that no material service demanded him.

This *Roster* then, intended at first as a regulator of military obedience, has finally destroyed her power ; that power once absolute is now contracted in very narrow bounds, and the *Roster* is become the Magna Charta of this new created *duty*, which law must on no account be infringed.

But has duty herself gained by this ? indeed very little. Her power is also a mere shadow, and her votaries divided into two factions, viz. Those who
will

will not do *more* than this duty—and those who will do no duty at all.

A man, my friend, like you, who has formed himself on the Roman model, will not readily perhaps conceive what is meant by a soldier doing more than his duty. Let me define it. A soldier is now supposed to do more than his duty when he seizes every occasion of being useful, without respect to his immediate tour of service.

All bright and splendid actions which swerve a little from the common line, are by the narrow minded called works of supererogation ; but were all men to judge thus, a General would often find his situation like that of one who fell into a ditch, and received no assistance from his attendants, because neither of them could find that the office of helping him out was mentioned in his paper of instructions. The illustrious Philopæmen breaking thro' the shackles of orders, won the battle of Selasia. His General complained to Antigonus. “ Sir, replied the King, that young soldier has acted the part of a general ; you, the general, that of a young soldier.” I mention this as an instance, rather than an example, for perhaps such daring strokes are only allowable to a genius like Philopæmen.

There is another phrase founded on the same narrow principles, which is generally made use of by our friends to induce us to quit our dangerous

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employment.

employment. It is that of "having done enough." But pray on what superior actions can be founded our claim of being no longer useful? Is it because we have shewn our courage? Did we then break thro' our domestic ties merely to display a quality the most indigent Briton is possess'd of? But we have also displayed our zeal. This argument recoils on its supporter; for ill would he deserve the name of a citizen, who deserts his country's cause in that moment when he finds that he has virtue to support it.

The duty then, my friend, of a soldier consists in seizing every opportunity of being useful. Its grammar is not the roster, but its rules are written on that unspotted leaf: A LOYAL, BRAVE, and GENEROUS HEART.

Having just glanced at the first faction, viz. Those who will not do *more* than their duty, let us just take a peep at those who will do no duty at all.

This faction consists (or rather should consist) of men of great fortunes, who enter into the army only to show that they despise it, look on all obedience to be abject subjection, and accept indeed their scanty military stipend, because it gives them an opportunity of comparing it with their own independence. I will not ask, if these men are more noble, more free, or more independent than a Percy, a Harrington, or a Rawdon, since

since in our line professional rank alone gives superiority ; but this I must say, that it would be happy for society if they were as useful. Yet these men are culprits against the state. They neglect and disgrace the duties of their trust, and whilst possessed of an useless and ostentatious superfluity, keep perhaps a poor pittance from a brave necessitous man, who would do honour to the commission he is entrusted with, and think himself well paid in possessing but the means of existence.

I have hinted at liberty, a dangerous word to meddle with. I cannot then refrain repeating to you a singular opinion. If you should happen to be what is now called a patriot, I beg leave to assure you, the author alludes to liberty only as it respects our joint profession ; however you may apply it as you please. The sentence is taken from the loose hints of a friend of yours. I tremble whilst I transcribe it ; but *nil desperandum est*. So here it is.

“ The struggle for liberty has always been ac-
 “ counted glorious, but for what reason I am at a
 “ loss to conceive. Is there any thing glorious in
 “ wishing to enjoy life with as few restrictions as
 “ possible ? I think the more noble principle lies
 “ in sacrificing some part of ones private right for
 “ the public good. It may admit of a nice dis-
 “ pute which is the most generous character, viz.

“ an abject slave or a licentious freeman. This
 “ must however be granted, that if love of liberty
 “ consists in love of pleasure *sans* restriction,
 “ there are not two such patriots to be found as a
 “ Billingsgate fish-woman and a fruit girl.”

But a truce with raillery.

Since we have now then taken a short view of the three great component parts of a military spirit, that is, bravery, fortitude, and obedience ; or to comprise them in one general term, *patience*, for bravery is but a sufferance of danger ; fortitude, of evil ; obedience, of command, &c. Let us dwell a moment on one seemingly great essential to the character of a soldier, but which has been so long out of fashion, that it is now supposed to be of no imaginable service whatsoever, I mean *the knowledge of the art military*.

This mistake derives its source from an opinion, that experience alone formed a soldier. I will not enter into a dispute which has been so frequently and ably supported, that is, whether theory or practice is of most benefit to a military man ; for why should we wish to separate those who should walk hand in hand together ?

Theory may be compared to a shy and tender child, in whom are all the useful virtues ; experience is the nurse that fosters them, and calls them forth to public view : But tho' experience ripens theory, it can by no means want its assistance ;

ance ; for I am certain, that without the knowledge of some leading rules, all military operations will appear an undistinguishable chaos. As the favourers of mere practice are often of great authority, I will proceed no farther on this subject. But what shall we say of those who, wrapt up in ignorance, disdain the assistance of either, and will neither permit their eyes to see, their ears to hear, or their lips to ask a question.

Enquire of a man of this kind what new works are erecting ? (perhaps too he has been on the working party) he knows not ; that is the engineer's business. What is the state of the army ? let the general look to that. By what means do we get our provisions ? he will answer, that he is not purveyor to the camp. In short, he leaves the sublime of war to his general, and the detail to his serjeant ; and yet ask him on what conditions he receives his pay ? he will tell you, to serve and defend his country.

Place this man on an outpost, the enemy approaches, he must fortify himself ; but where is the engineer ? Whilst the question yet trembles on his lips, his party falls a victim to his ignorance ; he escapes himself, is once more entrusted with command, his supplies are cut off ; has he provided for this event ? no ; he thought the purveyor would have looked to that - his detachment perishes without a stroke.

Such

Such a man as this commits errors in advanced life, a cadet at Woolwich would blush for. If his conduct affected himself only, it would be happy; but his ignorance is a crime against the general who entrusted him with command, and that country which had relied on his protection: yet whilst the fatal roster exists, and a tour of duty is marked by rule, not merit, such men must consequently be entrusted with command, unless we adopt some mode of reformation.

It will admit of no dispute that the officers of the French army are in general more informed than those of the English; and we are far outshone in professional knowledge by the navy. Yet our judgments are more solid than those of our lively neighbours, and we yield not in abilities to our naval brethren. The difference then arises from a custom amongst the others, which obliges every candidate for rank to prove by examination that he has sufficient knowledge to support it properly. Adopt this, with an eye to the character also, the evil complained of would immediately be removed, and the roster might keep its ground in peace.

As I have now pointed out to you the four chief requisites in the character of a soldier, you expect perhaps that I should touch on the method of applying them to the best advantage.

In regard to the rules of your profession, as a science, they are regular in their general operation ;

tion; and if ever they vary, it will depend on genius and circumstance to direct them. I am sure your spirit and emulation will push you rapidly to the attainment of them; but I must caution you against a fault men of lively parts often fall into, viz. that of thinking they know enough because they know more than their neighbours; since that learning which is admired in a man of *your* age, will be very moderate when you advance in life but a few years farther. Perhaps it is a tax on great parts, that when they are best displayed, then chiefly most is expected from them.

As to obedience, its application is easy; let it be uniform and steady. Set the disinterested example yourself; let no inequality of birth or genius make you fail in it to your superior officer, and you may exact it with strictness from a Prince.

As to the application of bravery and fortitude, as it depends on circumstance, it will consequently admit of no rules. But I cannot quit the subject without warning you against some delusive phantoms, which have so nicely assumed the appearance of those virtues, as not only to have imposed on the undiscerning, but even misled men of generous sentiments, but too warm imaginations, who, following these shadows, have lost both the substance and their lives.

The

The first of these which personates bravery, is *rashness*, perpetually employed in pushing a man into danger, and making him venture a life which is the property of the State, in situations where he is neither necessary nor useful. The consequence of which is natural. His courage loses its effect by being too familiar, and thus he destroys his end by the very means he takes to obtain it.

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus,
An old maxim of Horace, has been hitherto confined to the drama; but the rule so universally admits in every state of life, and more particularly in the military, that I beg you will spare my pen, and at the beginning of every sentence instead of *The Graces, The Graces*; repeat, *Nec Deus interfit, &c.*

As no situation is so well understood by an attention to itself, as to one which is somewhat similar, take the following sketch from familiar life; if it is tolerably drawn, the application will not be difficult.

* The gentle Cynthio tumbles over chairs and oversets tea-tables to pick up a fan or a glove. A Beauty holding her cloak, seems to him Atlas supporting the universe: Cynthio, like Hercules, must

* The first sentence is taken from *Fielding's Covent-Garden Journal*. Let us give even the great Cæsar his mite.

must ease her of the load. His eloquence is squandered in perpetual compliment, and his life is one round of flattering attention. Is not Cynthio a man of breeding? Without doubt.

Dorilas is also a man of acknowledged politeness, yet not so active in displaying it. His manner is generally complaisant, but he has been detected in letting a beauty pass uncomplimented, and has frequently left the play without a fair hand in his protection. Is not Cynthio then the favourite of the women? Far from it; the compliments of Cynthio are levied as a *tax*; those of Dorilas take their force from their scarcity. An *eulogium* from Cynthio affects not; whilst the most trifling attention from Dorilas seizes on the vanity. He grows the darling of a woman, because she thinks herself his favourite; and thus in one well applied moment is master of that heart which had been insensible to all the flattery of Cynthio.

History points out many military facts, which would comment on this most excellently. You are a good historian; but as these may not so readily occur to you, you will excuse my sparing your memory.

Cæsar fought battles in his tent; Marlborough's post was in the centre of his army. The critical appearance of the greatest captain of the ancients recovered the day against the Nervii. The

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greatest

greatest modern captain rallies his broken troops, and forms the entrenchments of Teniers.

This is the *Deus interfit*, the sudden and proper interposition of a superior Personage.

In what light most of the great characters, ancient and modern, have regarded a culpable rashness, may be gathered from every page in history. An arrow falls at the feet of Timotheus. "I blush," said that wise Athenian, "that I have exposed my army by my temerity," and immediately retired to a place of safety.

A late naval officer,* when complimented on his victory over the French, asked: Pray do you praise me for fighting the Namur or the British fleet? If the first, I have done my duty; as to the second, I am ignorant of the affair. He was so well aware of the tumult of a general action, that he had determined in his next engagement to drop out of the line, and display his signals from a frigate. This would have been an improvement in naval tactics, but his country soon lost the projector, who alone could have given it authority.

I shall conclude these quotations with a sarcasm of the Duke of Parma, on one whose virtues have made even rashness respectable. That veteran warrior

* Admiral Boscawen. Since this was written I find with pleasure that another great naval officer has justified my quotation by his example.

warrior having been accused of permitting Henry's small army to escape him at Aumale, replied: It was because I expected in the King of Navarre the leader of a great army; but I find him a captain of light horse, and for the future shall treat him accordingly. †

But you may say you are neither a general nor a God. You mistake. There is a professional as well as a natural chain, and as you look up to your general as your *Deus*, so are you a *Demigod* in your own little circle of command. From you your inferiors will catch their very tone of action, and it will be in the power of your countenance to inspire either confidence or dismay.

But am I never to display courage? Most certainly you are to display it. Cæsar the *centurion* gained a civic crown, and *colonel Churchill* first mounted the breach at Maestritch. Show your

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courage

† I have heard much of *dashing fellows*. To *dash* (if there is such a word in our language) may be allowed to the fire of youth; but when I see a man who should have a habit of danger, in this *dashing mood*, I cannot be persuaded but that his vehemence of courage proceeds from the same principle on which a person exclaims under pain, viz. to drive away the sense of his situation.

Perhaps it is no very wide line which separates the wish to shorten danger by advancing, from the wish to avoid it altogether by retreating.

N. B. In attacks or rapid charges, fire and activity are necessary; in defensive war, a calm and steady animation.

courage the first opportunity, but when you have proved it, do not indulge an ostentation of it. You may find many occasions of displaying it to advantage, seize these occasions with avidity; for tho' rashness is blameable, yet in a profession founded on glory, not to be conspicuous is to be disgraced. If a general should wish a breach to be stormed, or any other dangerous service to be undertaken, and leave the execution optional, accept the post, that is if you feel that you have abilities to support it; otherwise your claim does injustice to your country. But take care that even this command does not interfere with your rank, for who would fall a private marksman in another's company, whilst an inferior officer commands his own?

There is a speech of King William generally attributed to phlegm, and mentioned with strong disapprobation; but which, when more nicely attended to, is a proof of his sound discernment.

At the battle of the Boyne, an officer rode up to him and informed him that Walker of Londonderry was slain. The king coolly replied, "Pray what business had the fool here." The application is easy: Walker at the head of his Dissenters defending his native town, was an example of well placed fortitude; but a clergyman fighting at the battle of the Boyne as a private foldier, was an object misplaced, therefore contemptible. I will conclude

conclude this head with characters which have fallen within my own observation—that of very brave men, who were foremost in every attack, and volunteers in every service. They were anxious to distinguish themselves? No. They had some personal revenge at heart? No. Wonderful to relate! the cause of all this daring effect was no more than a desire *to fire sixty-two rounds at the Yankees*. Thus that bravery, which springing from another source, would have made them the admiration of the army, became as great an object for ridicule, as a behaviour every where opposite. — Our general, expressing his dislike of officers firing in action, destroyed at once the exploits of these heroes; and if a similar law had prevailed in Macedon, I fear we should lose much of our respect even for the great Alexander.

The next phantom I shall present before you, personates fortitude, not so well perhaps as the other does bravery, but with more fascinating success.

This phantom spurs on the generous mind to die heroically, rather than survive a defeat. Strip off her mask, she will be found a compound of irresolution and despair, and her votary no other than a mistaken, yet culpable suicide. Why would you wish to die, because the chance of war is against you? Have you endeavoured to rally your troops?

Have

Have you encouraged them by your example? You have. Fly then, and reserve yourself for more noble and successful attempts, unless you could save your country by robbing a parent of his child, or the state of a useful member.

But, my friend, since the oracle has ceased at Delphos, the Curtii and the Decii are out of vogue.

Conde (the bravest man in France) had a fleet horse ready at the battle of Dunkirk. He foresaw the ill fate of the day, and had prudence to provide against its chances. Coligne, after four defeats, was yet formidable to the catholics. Montrose (whose death was the patriot's and the hero's) was taken in disguise in a ditch, nay even offered money for his life. Let this example instruct you to preserve life whilst it is useful, and meet death, when necessary, with fortitude.

The glory of dying in victory is somewhat a kin to this phantom, but its claim to merit is better founded, and has the patronage of a late accomplished warrior; but though this glory is perhaps the fairest flower that adorns the garland of fame, I am not so much a Roman as to wish it to bloom on my temples.

There is a conduct that has been generally softened by the name of obstinacy, but which arises either from a dread of pain or a culpable despondence.

dence. This is a refusal to permit one rotten branch to be lopped off, whilst thus the tree perishes in its vigour.

What if thou hast lost a branch? Thou mayest still flourish in thy native soil, and thy green head wanton amidst the Zephyrs. The philosophic mind will create satisfaction, when the bodily activity is no more.

Is not something due to thy friends? Will not their attentions sooth thy grief? Thou bearest indeed a mark of deformity, but a perpetual testimony of thy fame.

Thy pen and book are never failing companions; they may even yet render thee serviceable to thy country.

But if no joys in this life can delight thee, surely a few moments are well gained in preparing thee for the life to come.

I shall now hint as another error very amiable men may fall into, from passion rather than reflection, and conclude the first part of my hints. It is the

—— *Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas*
Immolat.

That is the meanly seeking revenge for wounds received in fair action.

If the author of your sufferings intended to afflict you personally, this revenge may be allowable, supposing you had never aggressed him. But he attacks

attacks you in your public, not your private character. You arm yourself against another's life, and do you seek revenge because he wishes to protect it? Let us pluck forth this weed from the generous mind; let us give it a moment of reflection.

A thought occurs to me: One word more, if you please.

An obvious objection arises to my having quoted examples from the ancients. It is a popular prejudice that the change of weapons has altered the system of war, and that besides, this system having been in a continual state of improvement, must be otherwise so varied, that a very good general amongst the ancients, would be now foiled by a very bad general amongst the moderns. I shall answer the last observation first.

If from its earliest invention the art of war had continued in a state of improvement, this perhaps had been true: But we forget that all sciences were overwhelmed by the fatal irruption of the Goths. This may be called the deluge of literature, from whose waves it is but just emerging, and war of all its branches raises its head the last. The systems of Gustavus and Frederick are but copies from the scattered fragments of the Roman soldier, and assume most merit, when they most closely copy their original.

That the great principles of war can be altered by a casual change of weapons, I own staggers my belief.

belief. I will go further ; I doubt if we have changed our weapons. I allude not to their figure but their effect. May I be indulged with supposing Cæsar to arise in the midst of a modern council of war ? This granted me ; I will also suppose the following, perhaps not unnatural, dialogue to ensue.

President of the Court. Who are you, and what do you want ?

Cæsar. I am Cæsar the Dictator, sent by Jupiter to command your army ; so get ready without delay. And as I shall proceed by slow marches of about fifty miles a day, I suppose no veteran will murmur at carrying his whole camp equipage, although it may weigh sixty-five pounds.

P. Fifty* miles a day ! Sixty-five pounds ! Alas, Sir ! you was a great man in your days, but you will be of no use to us now.

C. Why so, Sir ?

P. The alteration in our weapons have (allow me the expression) changed the very face of nature.

C. I don't understand you. Do I not see hills to pitch my camp on ? morasses to cover my front ? rivers and woods to secure my flanks, as I

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used

* This is a little heightened ; but we are told, that the Spartans marched at that rate to support the Athenians at Marathon.

used to find them in Gaul? get your javelins then without delay.

P. Alas, Sir, you are quite out! we have no javelins now. Instead of javelins we send these leaden balls out of those engines; and instead of swords we pierce with the sharp instruments at the end of our engines.

C. Very well. You throw your balls first as we did our javelins, and then use your sharp instruments by rushing on the foe? I understand this perfectly. Have you any catapultas?

P. No; we use these hollow tubes.

C. How do they act?

P. They throw iron balls as the others do leaden, but at a greater distance.

C. Then I suppose you use them in annoying a distant enemy, and in battering a town, just as we did our catapultas?

P. Ah, Sir, you talk of battering towns, that does not belong to you.

C. How so? I was always accustomed to do it.

P. I mean, Sir, that it is not now the fashion for a *general* to take a town; that business is left to the corps of engineers: he is only to supply the materials for the siege, and run away with the reputation of it.

C. Ah! then I shall be but little embarrassed by the change in fortification. But what do I see?

see? a compleat legion drawn out? velites?
equites? principes? hastati? triarii?

P. Hah! hah! hah! my good Sir, your imagination runs on Rome still. These are light infantry, cavalry, grenadiers, battalion, and reserve.

G. Away, Sir! you have deceived me. Names I perceive are changed, but essentials are the same. Therefore follow me, Gentlemen of the Council, and I promise you the victory.

Now who would dare to say he would not be as good as his word? In short, the alteration of arms is to war, what the alteration of dress is to man: It changes perhaps the external, but can never alter the air or character. And it would be as absurd to suppose that the Cæsar of the Romans would not now be the Cæsar of the English, as to suppose, that the powers which Garrick displays in the sable weeds of Hamlet, would forsake him altogether in the more costly robes of Richard.

P A R T II.

Domestic Duty of a Soldier.

I Have now, William, concluded my observations in the *sublime* part of a soldier's duty, and you may possibly expect that I should touch on his duties in familiar life.

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But here a large field opens to my view, perplexed with ten thousand mazes, where I am entirely at a loss which track to pursue. I shall leave then to the care of a late noble author your conduct, as to the world in *general*, and to your own good heart to correct his principles when erroneous. You will find the œconomical part of your duty in a little book entitled, *Friendly Advice to a young Soldier*. Nothing then remains for me but to give you a few hints as to your conduct in common; amongst those of the same profession; or as it may be termed, the *domestic duty* of a soldier.

The beautiful allegory of the two paths which lead to bliss and perdition, is extremely applicable to the military line. Here also are two paths, and two only; the one conducting you to the meanest infamy, the other to the attainment of the noblest virtues. These paths are also so opposite in their direction, that he who has entered the one, can seldom, if ever, find his way back to the other.

But now the parallel fails; for it is the strait path, strewn with honour, virtue, and heart-felt satisfaction, which leads to the attainment of happiness; whereas the crooked path, entangled with sickness, disappointment, and shame, precipitates to the lowest despondence. In short, here vir-
tue

tue and vice, fame or infamy, are at your option ; and it remains with you to give the preference.

A regiment, like a state, contains, in common, two classes of people, and two parties. Let it be your principle to choose the highest class amongst the people, and altogether to avoid intermeddling with party matters. On these hinges hang your character and promotion.

I know it has been generally supposed that polite company is expensive, and that few subalterns on their pay cannot afford to mess with their colonel ; but this is a mistaken notion. There is commonly more expence with less credit amongst the lower order of a regiment ; besides the presence of officers of rank and experience should be a perpetual clog on extravagance and dissipation. That improvement in manners can only be gained by an intercourse with the polite world, admits of no dispute ; and the remark of an ingenious writer* may be very applicable here, viz. that in great taverns you pay for luxury, and in small ones for what you cannot eat.

The two parties in a regiment resemble much those in a state. On the one side are, in general, the commanding officers, the majority of the captains, and all the generous and independent men of the corps ; on the other, the poor, the indigent, and the disappointed. The first stands firm, conscious of its strength, and scorns to court assistance.

* Vid. *Fielding's Voyage to Lisbon*.

ance. The latter, often more ostensible in number, though weaker in power, assails a young man with such popular complaints, as seldom fail to sap the good understanding of the unwary. Cringing to superiors, strictness of discipline, injustice of promotion, are perpetual topics of conversation; and thus he is early taught to think obedience a mark of slavery, and opposition to power a proof of determined spirit.

Beware of these, my William.

Avoid, if possible, all parties, but if borne down by the stream, you must necessarily lean to some side, you will find it more for your interest and honour to embrace the party of your colonel. Consider his consequence; that on his word depends your credit with those in power, and of course your promotion. Has opposition weight like this? I will even admit that your commanding officer may be wrong; you may in some cases be aggrieved; yet do not fondly think you can always gain redress, by demanding an enquiry from his superiors. It is a maxim in politics, that private wrongs must yield to the public good; and it will perhaps be necessary for the support of command, that your just complaint should be neglected, to prevent the repetition of those which may be unjust.

To steer clear of party, and go through a military life with a character unstained by servility or disobedience;

disobedience ; in short, to conciliate men's affections by an inoffensive conduct, is not so difficult a task as we may suppose it.

I have known officers, who, on their entering into a regiment, have so cautiously avoided all party, as to be equally esteemed by the whole corps. So that when they fortunately came into high command, over the heads of the deserving, but less successful, they might say with pride, that their promotion had escaped envy, and seemed to give pleasure even to the unfortunate. You may think then they had studied the science of pleasing ? far from it : their whole art consisted in not making it a science to displease.

Human nature (notwithstanding what Cynics have advanced) is rather prone to sympathy than moroseness, attuned to friendship, not to hatred. Ride from London to the Land's End, you will find many a fellow traveller, eager to claim your acquaintance, but not one who will attack your person, unless swayed by avarice or revenge.

When a man meets with no indulgence for his foibles, be assured his material character is not found.

But though mankind in general are fitted for society, yet there are not wanting some who take a diabolical pleasure in disturbing the harmony of soul which results from it, by unprovoked and repeated insults. Duelling has been supposed a sufficient

sufficient remedy for these attacks. I shall not enter on a topic so fully discussed as this ; only will observe, that, as a military man, you are born under its influence ; and since we cannot bring men to our way of thinking, it is necessary to yield a little to theirs. To be slow in anger, and quick in forgiveness, is the maxim of a man of feeling and honour. Another proof of a generous mind is, to acknowledge your error with noble confidence, rather than from false pride, add premeditated murder to insult. Your mind is too good not to take the force of this. But should you be engaged with one whose heart is generous as your own, but whose discernment is not so strong ; oppose coolness to his heat, and persuasion to his fury. The triumph of reason is more noble than that of the sword. Should you meet with a man of false honour, when on *service*, consider that your life is the property of your country : preserve it then by despising his insults, and inform the general of his zeal to be distinguished, who may turn that misplaced bravery into a proper and useful channel. “ Let your courage, Sir, be as keen, yet as polished, as your sword.” * Avoid every civil murder as far as prudence or honour may permit ; that if from necessity you are compelled to take this step, you may reflect with satisfaction, that you are perhaps in the hands of Providence, the scourge

* Vid. *Sheridan's Rivals* for this definition.

scourge of a wanton suicide, the unprovoked enemy of your honour and your life. In this case, and in this only, perhaps, by every law you may be exculpated; for why should he be acquitted who kills in defence of life, yet he condemned, who kills in defence of his dearer reputation?

I have just slightly touched on insults from those of our own rank. Some dwell on insults from those of inferior rank; but I must confess I know of no such insults. I have seen men of fashion bruised by common carmen, and others of small fortune ruined in a court of justice, for resenting supposed affronts received from the lowest of the people. But surely we are raised too high to feel the little sarcasms of the mob, or at least to confess that we feel them. Believe me, William, silent contempt is the severest chastisement of the vulgar.

I need not warn one of your good sense to avoid a vain-glorious conversation; but there is a fault men of generous tempers fall into from a too great wariness of manner. It is that mock modesty which affects to be unconscious of a merit which is visible to the rest of mankind. If you possess emulation to impel you to noble actions, it must render you not indifferent to their reward; and what reward is more just or glorious than consciousness of a well earned reputation. When your actions then are the subject of conversation,

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speak

Speak of them with conscious dignity, not insulting modesty. Men must know that you cannot be insensible to your fame, and will construe your diffidence into insult. Perhaps it would have been more supportable in Turenne, to have boasted of having done every thing, rather than of having done nothing.*

The interior oeconomy of a regiment or company may be classed with the domestic duties of a soldier, and is supposed to be an object of such consequence, that whole volumes have been written on it, in which the character of a drum-major has been delineated with uncommon exactness, and every possible method of cleaning the accoutrements ascertained with the nicest precision; yet notwithstanding this assistance, the task has been found so arduous, as to employ half the time of many able officers, who, by the oath, the cane, the aid of courts martial, and an unremitted attention, have absolutely arrived at the perfection of settling their weekly pay bill, and bringing their shoes and firelocks to a tolerable degree of polish.

As I confess my deficiency in this great branch of my profession, I am unequal to the task of giving you

* Coligne after four defeats preferred himself to Alexander or Cæsar. Perhaps this boast displayed more of the indignation of an expanded mind, than of the vanity of a little one.

you any rules for it. For born a gentleman, and educated as a soldier, my intercourse with mechanics has been but partial: However I will just give you my idea of the management of a company. I have always thought that the blow degrades the soldier less than it does the intemperate officer who inflicts it; that a frequency of courts-martial displays the want of authority in him who demands them; and, altho' I allow a lance corporal to be of great use in his department, yet I have perhaps fondly supposed that a commissioned officer was a superior personage, whose dignity must not be prostituted; that he should *command* the troops he is entrusted with, not act simply as the first non-commissioned officer amongst them. On this principle I conceive that all reprimands should be delivered with coolness, and punishment exerted seldom, yet with severity. That we should on no account break one link in the great chain of authority; for when our serjeants no longer have weight, the superiority of an officer loses its force. The corporals then should be answerable to the serjeants for their share in the case of a company, the serjeants to the subalterns, these to the captain, and he to the officer who commands the regiment. Thus a respectful distance should be preserved thro' all ranks, and the command being properly methodised, would go on uniform and steadily. But I would not have any

partiality for me make you embrace a system which has been long thought erroneous. You may, however, one day arrive at the command of a regiment: Let me then point out to you, more fully, some of those errors in command which have dim'd the bright mirror of military fame, and will occasion perhaps the loss of our western world.

The genius of the King of Prussia combines the most minute attention to trifles, with the sublimest depth of military tactics; * and he has won victories. But some of our commanders overlooking, or rather not comprehending, the elevated scale of war, have fixed all their attention on these trifles, hoping also to win victories by the assistance of hatters, cordwainers, and taylor's. But this would rather excite the smile of pity, than call for the scourge of satire. The evil is of a deeper root. Frederick's rigour is excessive, and his troops are amongst the best in the world. We have therefore adopted this rigour, in all its force, judging little of different situations, and still less of that attention which should be paid to national character. The Prussian armies are chiefly composed of native Germans, slaves from their birth; and
 soldiers

* Historians will differ on this point; whilst the admirer of Frederick will praise the universality of his genius, the more philosophical historian will quote this attention to trifles, in so great a man, as a deplorable instance of the imperfection of humanity.

soldiers of fortune, without home or connexion. Deprived of these social ties, which call forth the finer feelings of the mind, they are patient, submissive, and indifferent to all worldly matters. Unaccustomed to lenity or comfort, with them battle is vacation from punishment, and holds forth the hope of relief from a painful existence. But far different is the high-born spirit of the British soldiery. Active from the love of fame, and their country; for these they risque all the comforts of our genial government. In general, independent, accustomed to the freedom of reasoning on the conduct of others, and of judging for themselves, how impolitic is it to introduce this discipline amongst them! A discipline calculated to aid the caprice of the mean-spirited and envious, to make one man the tyrant of the many, to check generous love of fame, to damp rising emulation, and thus to leave it in the power of uncontrouled oppression to sink the tender spirit in despondence, or rouse the more active one to revolt: and all this under the specious name of the good of the service.

It is this fatal error which has occasioned disunion between almost all classes of our officers, either by contention for power amongst those of equal, or abuse of it by those of superior rank.

Let the man, who is unconscious of merit, indulge himself in the delusion of command; let him

him stalk forth the solitary tyrant of the desert, exacting constrained civility, incurring private indignation ; let him trick himself out in the trappings of authority, to supply that conduct which insures it ; let him fear mutinies, and combinations ; let him guard his footsteps, lest he fall before the injured ; and let him dread his protectors in the hour of battle : yet let him reflect, with anguish, that no military code can bind opinion ; and that, when many men of different ranks, characters, and connexions, are united against one whom it is even their interest to keep well with, that common sense will direct the public opinion to the side of the many. If he thinks the insolence of command can overbalance such multiplied distraction of mind ; be it his ; but let him not seduce the liberal minded man : for *him* be happier hours, arising from the happiness of others ; let his officers be his counsellors, and his soldiers his humble friends ; no opposition will be formed against him ; for his cause will be that of his officers, and they will prevent him in justice. His orders will be complied with even when erroneous. Regard and fear of change will make his troops yield to inconvenience, convinced that he *meant not* to oppress them. Each morn will he come forth from his tent, surrounded by the grateful and the happy. His officers will anxiously support his fame ; for what he entrusts to them with confidence, they will execute with vigour ; and,

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in the hour of death, his soldiers will be his bulwark.

This enchanting scene has been viewed by many amiable men, who have yet turned their eyes from it. They have regarded it as a delusion of the fancy, unattainable, or else liable to attack from disciplinarians. But I ask you, William, if Luther would not have smiled, had he been advised to stop the work of reformation, because, forsooth! the bench of cardinals thought him in the wrong.

I fear I must now insist upon a point which will meet with yet less indulgence, but which a late great officer† held to be an essential part of our duty, and severely punished the neglect of. I mean no less than an absolute command of our passions when on service.

If bodily vigour is then requisite, who would wantonly destroy it? or who would not shudder at the thought, that he is confined on the day of action by ills acquired from vicious habits, and which will be punished by the loss of fame and promotion?

But it may be objected, that this sacrifice is impossible to human nature. Believe me the objection

† Duke of Cumberland, who always sat aside him who was ill of an acquired disorder in favour of the next in rank, alledging, "That it was too great an indulgence to be excused from duty, and at the same time entitled to promotion."

tion has no weight ; for it is absurd to suppose a man capable of resigning life itself, and yet not possessed of sufficient fortitude to give up a few transient pleasures which now materially affect his honour, and in their best state weigh but little in the scale of a wise man's happiness.

But lest I should appear somewhat of the Stoic, I declare that my attack is levelled not at the *natural* but the *forced* indulgence of the passions. Some smiles are wanting to smooth the rough front of war. Who would deny the soldier the cheerful glass of affection, and every reasonable intercourse with those the most charming works of nature, who can alone inspire those soft attentions, those amiable graces, and that happy insinuating address, which give a polish to our manners in familiar life, and diffuse a kind of gentle glory around all our superior qualifications?

Gallantry is the sister of the Graces, and the parent of brave and generous actions. There are thousand beauties enamelled on the mind of a woman, which we can never reach but by imitation. To imitate we must admire. To admire is in some measure to love. It is this noble flame, the natural consequence of our commerce with the sex, that purifies our mind and manners. The Lover unites with the ardour of desire, the soft respectful sympathy of esteem. He perceives his natural haughtiness gradually wear off, and
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in proportion to his hopes is more polite, more attentive, more elegant in manners, and more fit for society than before.

The wild yet enchanting heroism of the days of chivalry, tho' now the sport of the unfeeling debauchee or sour pedant, has never been equalled in our times. Love alone then gave life to more great, more disinterested actions, than all the precepts of the schools: Nay, tho' long decried by our fashionable insensibles, it still retains its power, tho' perhaps it is more partially exerted. The elegant Addison remarks, "That there is no man, of whatsoever temper or station in life, but has been capable of some gallant action when under the dominion of this passion;" and indeed, however we may affect to despise a Tancred or an Orlando, there are few of us who would not feel a secret spur to his courage, when fighting with his mistress's glove in his hat, or a lock of her hair next his bosom.

But I must return from this flowery excursion and draw towards a conclusion, since, if I was to enumerate all the accomplishments requisite to the character of a soldier, I should perhaps exceed Tully's character of an orator, and possibly with more justice; but as from your present inferior situation it may be long ere you arrive at an intimate view of those great captains under whom you may have the honour to bear arms, I shall

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conclude

conclude with my conception of a character you eagerly look up to : That of an *accomplished general*.

The office of a general requires the greatest abilities human nature can attain, and the greatest vigour of mind to exert them.

Besides being a complete master of the whole military art (of itself the science of an age) he should be able to combine all the various operations of war at a glance ; and thus foresee, prevent, contrive, and execute schemes of deep import ; even in that moment when the weakness of man might naturally direct his thoughts to the care of his own preservation.

A thorough knowledge of the country which is the scene of action, is entirely necessary to a general, and that not only as to its different situations of ground, but the nature of the people, their connexions, policy, and resources.

He must be a master of intrigue, to manage his knowledge advantageously, for more is effected by negotiation than by arms.

As a general will often represent his prince in courts and in councils, he should be an able and elegant speaker ; and as he must negotiate with different nations, he should be a master of many languages.

Few men are blessed with a noble and pleasing figure, but the graces amply supply its place ;
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these he ought to possess in the highest degree. Grace and figure have a wonderful influence on the imagination ; and I doubt not but the beautiful majesty of Marlborough's person had an effect on his troops in the field, equal to that which his exquisite address had on his allies in the cabinet.

With all that gentleness, which wins the affection of mankind, he should unite the utmost strictness in command.

He should be a master of the passions of his soldiers, and a parent to their wants. His manner should be equally distant from the servile flattery of a courtier, and that roughness in which some think dignity consists.

It should be free, yet civil ; ingenuous, yet not harsh ; manly, affable, and unaffectedly polite.

Tho' plunged into all the horrors of carnage, his bosom should warm with the milk of human kindness. He should not only tenderly regard the health and distresses of his *own* troops, but even his enemies should bless his benevolence. Amidst the tumult of war as insensible to rage, as to terror, his sword should be levelled at the opposer ; but his shield should be spread over the vanquished ; his friendly arm should raise the trembling, and prostrate, and his presence be the refuge of the unhappy ; as if he came a guardian spirit from above, not to destroy, but to save.

A loyal attachment to his king, and a firm obedience to the legislative body of the state, (in which alone consists true patriotism,) should shine forth most distinguished in a general. At their command he should chearfully forego his home, his tender affections, and all his domestic enjoyments, again to resume his former glorious arms, and devote his last days to his country.

A general should be secret in his resolves, unbiassed by party in his rewards, and of sufficient constancy of mind to pursue his schemes, unmoved by clamour and reproach. A general ——— but here I must stop, checked by the extent of my subject; for was I to inform you, that running, leaping, fencing, horsemanship, nay arithmetic, were necessary to his character, you might smile: Yet these, nay many other seeming trifles are far from being unnecessary to it. But was I to pronounce, that a general should unite in himself all that is great or noble in the soldier, the patriot or the man, you might suppose this character beyond the attainment of frail nature: Yet believe me it is not the creature of the fancy. It has existed, and the more you attempt its imitation, the sooner will you attain perfection in the noble science you have embraced.

And now, my dear William, I have to the best of my power discharged the duty of a friend, in giving you the few observations I have made in
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the course of my little service in that glorious profession, under the shadow of which all others flourish in peace.

— *Si quid novisti rectius istis*

Candidus imperti? Si non, his utere mecum.

In the first case I shall not be jealous. In the second I give you free liberty to outstrip your master, since I never can envy a reputation in which I shall conceive myself a partaker.* You remember a fine thought of a late feeling author, with a parody, of which I shall take leave of this subject.

“O come then, my friend, my brother warrior; together let us ’tempt the heights of glory. And what if thou fallest in distant climes, unknown, unwept by those that love thee? know the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of

A SOLDIER.”

* Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.

TWO LETTERS,

INTENDED FOR

THE HIBERNIAN CHRONICLE;

Written at the Time when the AUTHOR was on
DUBLIN Duty.

LETTER I.

To the Printer of the Hibernian Chronicle.

S I R,

I Am an old soldier. I was an officer in one of those regiments which conquered America under Wolfe, and was not unknown to that commander. Having received a wound on the famous 13th of September which disabled me, I retired on a small pension to a little village in the north of this kingdom, and assure you, Mr. Printer, intended to have passed the remainder of my days free from the alarms of war. But it happened that the fame of modern discipline reached me in my retreat; and I was told, that there was now a system, introduced amongst our troops, entirely different from the old one established in my time,
and

and which would render the British army the terror of the universe. I therefore mounted my Rozinante forthwith, came up to Dublin, and was present at a field day of what is now called a Pattern Regiment. A sight so different from any thing which I had ever seen before made so forcible an impression on my mind, that even sleep could not erase it. I dreamt a very uncommon dream, Sir. And as some people think that all dreams are from Jove, according to the poet, I shall give it you without further apology.

I dreamt, that I was transported to the Streights of Thermopilæ, famous for the defeat of the numerous army of Xerxes. The shrill clangor of trumpets pierced my ears. I looked around, and beheld three hundred men clad in ponderous armour, with each a weighty spear in his hand, advancing towards the pass, with firm step, and determined countenance. At their head strode a majestic form, who, by the manly vigour of his person, seemed worthy to command the world. These veterans having reached the pass, halted. When Leonidas, ascending a pile of pack-saddles according to the antient custom, with lofty mien and audible voice, thus addressed his troops. Warriors of Lacedemon, be resolute, be bold. It is not Xerxes, nor the cowardly Persians, against whom you are opposed. No. It is the army of the Britons; the conquerors of Canada, the terrors
of

of France. This is a conquest worthy of your arms. Fight then for honour, for victory, for glory. He ceased; and the Spartans sent up a shout, the trumpet sounded to battle, and the brave three hundred, standing firmly in their post, seemed silently to wait for the approach of their opponents. Shortly I heard a murmur amongst their ranks, and saw their eyes directed eagerly forward. I turned mine to the same point, and beheld at a distance a number of red figures, who seemed to be advancing to the tune of a country dance; yet gained no ground; always pitching nearly in the same spot they tilted from, resembling much the jacks of an harpsichord. As this phenomenon slowly advanced, I thought that I perceived something of the human form; but so exceedingly disguised, that I almost doubted the reality. Each figure was screwed into a jacket of such excessive tightness that not a sinew had room to play, and the whole body resembled much the form of a trussed rabbit; its legs were jammed into two long cases of black linen, so excessively strait as to vie with the French torture of the Brodequin;* its head was loaded with a quantity of flour, and dragged back upon its shoulders by the

* A wooden boot, into which the criminal's legs being put, wooden chisels of different sizes are driven in between his knees, which pressing his legs against the side of the resisting boot, crush the bones in pieces.

the weight of an enormous queue made of sheep's wool, and on the head was perched a hat which seemed to be the manufacture of Lilliput. These figures had at length advanced near the Spartans, when the word *halt* was given; and instantly there strode from out the ranks a form clad nearly in the same vestment, but whose shoulders were so broad, and whose face was so terrific, that I doubted not his being the champion of his army, who had advanced to defy the boldest Spartan to combat. He appeared to be conscious of his superior strength, since he had no other arms, than a small rattan in his hand, and something like a long corking pin in a white sheath at his side. But great was my amazement, when the champion turning him round, and gently reclining his head to the left, pronounced in a shrill and delicate voice, "Rest y-o-u-r fellicks, order y-o-u-r fellicks, ease y-o-u-r ems." After which he strode back, and again sheltered himself amidst the ranks. Astonishment was painted in the countenance of Leonidas, and all the Spartans; however he hesitated not, but giving the word *charge* with a voice that pierced the vaulted heavens, drew his sword, and at once the Spartans couching their Spears rushed on in a firm phalanx. The words *stedy*, not a *moson*, resounded from the opposite army; and in an instant, two orderly corporals rushing from the ranks, armed with hair

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brushes,

brushes, began dusting of coats, settling of hats, straitening of queues, and, by the motion and glitter of their firelocks, I could perceive that the Britons were going through *their manual*. Now had the Spartan phalanx reached the opposing foes (who were then in the attitude of *securing* their firelocks), and to all appearance would have entirely routed them; when, wonderful to relate! I beheld them face to the right about, and, marching back, take their way to Sparta, leaving the pass undefended, which the British army (having first compleated their manual) advanced in their former stile, and took possession of. I was thunder struck, that Leonidas, who had so bravely opposed the united powers of Asia, should tamely give up so important a pass to an army that scarcely seemed women. I thought in my dream that I saw him march off with shame and indignation in his countenance, and I determined to enquire the reason: He gloomily replied, the spears of my Spartans have been embrued in the blood of men, and shall not be stained with that of monkies.

I thought I heard a voice in the air, crying, Look up, and behold the source whence flows *Modern Military Virtue*. I looked up, and beheld a tottering mass of whip'd syllabub, on the summit of which was placed an edifice of a very uncommon construction. The body of the building was a dome, in the shape of a grenadier's cap, formed

formed of the most shining blacking ball, and supported on every side by pillars of sweet scented pomatum; the top of the dome was crested by an huge spiral queue, which seemed to pierce the sky; and on the front of the building was this inscription — THE SCHOOL OF MODERN MILITARY VIRTUE. I thought that I was suddenly lifted to the top of the trembling mass on which the temple stood. I surveyed the building attentively. I perceived two portals; the one on the right was lofty, and of surprizing breadth. Through this I could perceive a number of hardy veterans enter, with large hats, long skirts, and a firm footstep; I knew the American army. From the other portal on the left, which was low and narrow, I could perceive the same body of warriors skip out, curtailed of their hats, skirts, and firm footsteps, and only to be known for the same army by the scars they had received in battle. At a little distance were placed a band of Kilmainham pensioners, who, with streaming eyes, and hands uplifted to heaven, exclaimed, Oh Minden! Oh Louisbourg! Oh my Country! I advanced towards the portal on my right, determined to explore the cause of this strange transfiguration. As I approached it, I heard a loud voice, which seemed as that of one declaiming to a multitude of people. A sudden shout resounded from the temple; and a number

of shrill voices at once exclaimed, "All hail, thou father of our military art! thou more than Cæsar of the age!" I entered, and beheld a personage clad in a modern military vestment, and perched on a throne of blacking ball of superior polish. His right hand was extended, in act of addressing the multitude of fantastick figures below; in his left he held open an essay on the importance of drill serjeants; his head was encircled with a diadem of the softest puffs from the swan skin; and under his feet lay, trampled in wild confusion, Cæsar, Turpin, the reveries of Saxe, and the immortal campaigns of Marlborough. He seemed to be in the middle of his lecture when I entered. "Do you think (says he, addressing the wondering croud) that the field of Blenheim was won by the manœuvres of its general? No; he was entitled for his success to the superior polish of his boots. Did the steadiness of the British army conquer in the field of Ramillies? Ah, who knows not on that day, that the soldiers of Britain were queu'd? Let Wolfe enjoy the same of having subdued his Quebec; but what would he not have done had he worn a hat of this construction?" Here he pointed to a machine for cocking of hats, which lay for that purpose at his feet. A shout of applause roared throughout the temple. He bowed, and pursued his discourse. "I have here (exclaimed he, extending a long queue of sheep's wool)

wool) the false tail of Papirius Cursor, the rough
 conqueror of the Samnites. Here is the perfumed
 pomatum of Hannibal ; and here that species of
 blacking ball which enabled Mithridates to resist
 the all-conquering Romans. Moreover, can ye
 think, that the success of an army depends on the
 genius of its leader ? Does it depend on the vi-
 gour of his troops ? No. On whom then does it de-
 pend but its drill serjeants." His audience stood in
 mute amazement at this strange proposition which
 he was about to enforce from the essay in his hand ;
 but, at this instant a burst of artillery shook the hea-
 vens ; martial music was heard ; a sudden blaze
 of light flashed throughout the temple. I looked
 up, and beheld a pale figure surrounded with a ra-
 diance of glory ; I remembered the form of *Wolfe*.
 On his right appeared the godlike Theban ; on
 his left the great Gustavus. His countenance had
 a mixture of indignation and grief. His bosom
 seemed to heave with an heart-rending sigh ; and
 I thought I heard him, with superior majesty, dis-
 tinctly utter these words, ' Are these the troops of
 Britain ? Is this the victorious army whom I
 led to conquest and renown ? Alas, how fallen !
 how changed ! ' Where is now the manly look,
 the vigorous form, that iron body which alike
 defied the deadly engines of the foe, and the bit-
 tereft inclemency of heaven ? Alas, they are fled
 to the Russian or the Turk. In Britain they are
 found

found no more. Hence then ye less than women in the form of men. Resign the sacred name of soldier, and take one equal, if one can be found, to the superior insignificance which you court. But ye brave veterans (turning to the pensioners of Kilmainham), who tho' covered with scars, and loaded with infirmities, still preserve the honor of the British name: Ye shall once more rise from unmerited contempt, and nobly triumph in your turn. The time is at hand when party shall be no more, and the collected force of Britain, descending like the snow ball from the Alps, and gathering fresh force from opposition, shall plunge with redoubled fury on the prostrate vales below. In that day it shall be found, that success depends neither on the queue, the well cocked hat, nor the well polished garter; but that victories are ensured, and powerful empires are subverted, by genius, by vigour, by resolution." He ceased. And sudden, the blacking ball dome, the pomatum pillars, and the whole temple began to melt, and the syllabub mass to give way beneath my feet. I awoke in inconceivable terror, and sat down to write you this whilst it was fresh in my memory.

If you like my correspondence I may possibly dream again. In the mean time I remain your constant reader,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

LETTER II.

To the Printer of the Hibernian Chronicle.

S I R,

OUR parson has just read to me out of your paper, the dream of *An Old Soldier* after seeing a field day of a modern pattern regiment; and I really think he has dreamt to the purpose. I am an Old Soldier also; as old as the æra of long wigs, and long skirts. In short, Sir, I served under Marlborough in the Flandrian wars. I have seen some service, and I love the army. I cannot bear to see a soldier made ridiculous, or a man turned into a monkey. Our army, once the glory of this nation, is now become its disgrace. To whom is this owing? Not to any degeneracy in our troops; but to a few fine feathered sparks whose service has been devoted to the fair, and who to our sorrow are put into commands over the heads of those who better deserve them. I live in a town, Sir, where a body of troops are quartered; they have what is called a *Macaroni* colonel; of course all his soldiers are macaronies. When this regiment parades, the men are so curtailed in their cloaths, that they appear like a set of *trimmed game cocks*. I have an old long skirted coat which I wore at the battle of Malplaquet.

This

This I wear on the King's birth day as a mark of my bravery, for there are two shot holes thro' it. Yet this coat is the constant source of laughter for our sparks. They call it an old ragged garb all in holes; tell me to get a new one with shorter skirts; and swear that I look like an hog in armour. When I mention the old duke (which I always do with reverence) they laugh; tell me, that he was well enough for those days; that Tom Gater-Clip did not think much of him; and that he had not a well cocked hat in his whole army. They laugh at Folard and Cæsar as out of date, and tell me that the essay on drill serjeants is the only book for a foldier.

When I served, Mr. Printer, 'tis true the art of war was more plain to be understood, and our instruments of death were fewer. Yet the old firelock, the only fire arms we made use of, did *some* execution. But now, Sir, this old fashioned weapon is quite laid aside; and a thousand new ones are invented in its place, which Marlborough never could have dreamt of. Thus, Sir, we have now the Fellick, and the Fallick, and the Fillick; the Fixs, the Fexs, and the Fouks. The old Bayonet too is exploded; and gives place to the Bannat, the Binnet, the Bent, and the Bant. Old Jeffery Wilcox, who was killed before Tournay, could give the word distinctly to three battalions. There was not an adjutant, Sir, in
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our army, that did not try to imitate him. He gave the word, Sir, in a full soldierly manner. But this manner is now held in contempt. The short, quick method of giving the word, is now in vogue. If you was to hear the officers quartered in this town giving the word on a field day, I protest to God, Sir, you would take them for a pack of village curs, snapping at the heels of a traveller's horse. I have seen some of them, in suppressing their voice to give the word unusually short, thrown into such violent convulsions of face and body, as to seem fitter for a mad house than a command. But this is not all, Mr. Printer. I live in a town, where we scarcely see a newspaper in a year; and if we did, I am too old to read one, for I am above ninety. I know nothing of what is doing in these times; and for any thing I can say to the contrary, the Laplanders may have dethroned the Pope. As I was the other day peaceably crawling to my old wooden bench, about an hundred yards from town, I was surprized with the appearance of a body of French horse, advancing on a canter. I crippled back in amazing terror, and called out, that the French were upon us. I was received with a loud laugh; and, to add to my astonishment, was told, that those men in white jackets, whom I had supposed to be the French, were only a division of Lord Dandlecub's light dragoons.

I

Sir,

Sir, this is too much ! Our peaceable beaux have long servily imitated the French ; and I am sorry to say, that our military beaux have been somewhat infected by them. Yet they seemed ashamed of the infection ; they made very gradual, very trifling innovations in our dress ; the long queue, the cockle-shell hat, were indeed borrowed from the French ; but red, the colour of the victorious regimental of Britain, still maintained its ground. But now, Sir, at the caprice of one man, the English regimental gives place to the French, and a body of victorious soldiers are compelled to wear the servile dress of those whom they have conquered. The Macedonians would have followed Alexander thro' every peril ; yet when this man (whom they looked on as a god) commanded them to wear the dress of the Persians, they revolted against him, and could with difficulty be appeased. Yet Alexander did not lay aside the Macedonian *arms* ; it was the *peaceful* vestures of the Persians he wanted to introduce. But here, Sir, a soldier is taught to contemn that dress in which he acted nobly for his country, and to embrace the very dress of that people whom his actions have taught him to despise. I again repeat, Mr. Printer, that an innovation of this kind is too much ! I only wish, Sir, that any old rough Roman consul was to rise from his urn, and see a modern regiment dressing for a review. In the name of heaven what would he think

think of us? What would he think of a general coming to the field, with his side-locks in nine curls, and a whole bushel of powder discharged upon his head? Would he not doubt his eye-sight? Would he not believe it some chimæra of the brain? I am no scholar, Sir; of course can't quote Latin. But I remember, that in one of Tully's orations which I read in English when a boy, the orator, talking of the delicacy introduced into the Roman manners, says, "In my time we used to scratch our heads with our whole hands; but now our delicate gentlemen scratch their heads with one finger only, for fear of discomposing their curls." But which now of our modern warriors, Sir, dressed sprucely for the field, would dare to put *even one finger* to their heads? I believe such a hero is not to be found amongst us. Mr. Printer, we want something to do; we want action. The mind must have employment, and when not occupied by material affairs, fixes itself too attentively on trifles. I have seen, Sir, a number of modern commanders collected together on a parade, with solemn look, serious attitude, as if the fate of all Europe was on their heads: when the whole result of their consultation has been the altering of a buckle, or a button.

'Tis this attention to trifles that makes the service disgustful to men of real genius, and thoroughly contemptible to all. Who that enters the army

with an idea of a Scipio, or a Cæsar, can condescend to imitate the vigilance of a serjeant major. Let us have every thing in its place, Sir. A serjeant is a useful character in his way. But an officer is a superior being. His dignity *must* not be prostituted. Sir, to return to the French fashion introduc'd amongst us. I should not wonder if our old step, old salute, and other old fashioned methods were now exploded at our reviews. We want only this new alteration to become entirely French; and I expect in a few months to hear that two dancing masters are appointed to each regiment; who are to teach the officers to salute in a *promenade* step, and the men, instead of ranking off before the general as in common, to do it by a *double balance*, and a *parigadoon*. I am told, however, that there have been some very useful inventions even in those days. Certain colonels have caused a number of paste roses to be baked, and tacked on to their men's queues. This answers a double purpose: First, of adorning the men; secondly, of subsisting them in an enemy's country. There is some use in this foppery, Mr. Printer. The same colonels have invented queues of sheep's wool, of a great length and thickness; which, when tied on to the men's heads, drag back the head to a proper stiffness, and when taken off, serve (as I am told) instead of walking canes. There is some use in all this, Mr. Printer. The
same

same colonels have invented a method of carrying the firelock with a crooked elbow ; and altho' this method is very tiresome, and a great strain upon the muscles; yet it makes the men cover more ground, and surely there is some sort of use in that, Mr. Printer. If all commanding officers had the genius of these colonels, and could make their foppish innovations have the least appearance of use, I should be more reconciled to our modern customs. But, alas ! Sir, these colonels are men of very extraordinary genius. You wont meet their fellows every where, Mr. Printer.

I believe I have now tired your patience on a subject which has long since tired mine. Since, after all that can be said, and after all that can be done, our modern warriors are too obstinate to amend, and the service as now carried on is a subject too mortifying for any man of spirit to dwell upon. I therefore conclude with assuring you of my wishing (was I able) to be your constant reader.

AN OLDER SOLDIER.

* * All the characters in these two letters are purely ideal, and may suit any person to whom the reader may chuse to apply them. Tom Jones and Blifil were drawn from *general* nature, yet no one has accused Fielding of personal satire, because there are people in *real* life whose characters resemble theirs.

To Mr. Rivington, Printer, at New-York.

(Written in 1778, and never published.)

S I R,

IN this military æra perhaps it may not be unentertaining to your Readers, to peruse the Speech of *Potomakow*, a great warrior of the Guarani Indians, in the service of the Jesuits of Paraguay. It was addressed to his army in 1744, and was communicated to me by Don Guzman de Pintado, Lieutenant Governor of Buenos Ayres. It is impossible in any translation to preserve the peculiarities of the Guarani language, I have therefore reduced this speech as near as I could to the idiom of the English.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Warriors,

OUR reverend masters, the Missionaries, have often told me of a great nation* over the water, who conquered all between where the sun rises and sets, and whose generals were accustomed to explain to their armies by speech what were their orders or plans. Our Guarani commanders neglect this custom; whether it is that they know not how to speak, or that they have

* The Romans.

have no plans to explain, or rather because they are entirely ignorant that such a nation has existed, I know not; but from this neglect it arises, that you have often marched in anxious suspense on expeditions of the most trifling nature, and at other times have been surprized into an action long resolved on by the commander; the consequence of which is confusion, embarrassment, and dismay. To free you from suspense, it shall be my business to break through the manacles of custom, by acquainting you (as far as is proper) with the nature of the service you are embarked in, for though I know you to be brave, yet you yourselves must acknowledge that the strongest courage is sometimes shaken by falling into dangers it is not immediately prepared for.

You are now then to march against the Tucumans and Pampas,† these who so lately disputed with you the mastery of the great Savannahs. It may appear surprizing that, with what is called a *disciplined* army, we have not been able to subdue the rebellious Chacos in four long years, so that at last we find these rebels supported by our most inveterate foes. Our generals have been blamed; admit they are faulty, yet the source of the evil lies deeper. This army is *not disciplined*.

In the awful crisis in which I am called forth to command, it is due to you all, that I should freely
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† French and Spaniards.

point out the defects in your discipline. If you amend not by this advice, I must proceed to extremities; for I will never suffer Paraguay to be ruined, and that ruin to be charged on *me*, merely to humour your capricious fancies.—I know ye brave. I know it, my brother warriors. But what is bravery alone? It is a mistaken notion, that one of you is equal in personal vigour to a number of rebellious Chacos; believe me, it is only as a firm collected body, that you can be formidable to undisciplined numbers. Neither of you singly can either run, or leap, or swim, or dart the Hassaguay, better than an individual of this nation. What then, in the name of the great Manco Capac, can induce you to forego the aid of discipline, and rush on the enemy with a precipitance and confusion, which would dishonour even a popular tumult?

However appearances might guide me, I will not think that it arises from a kind of impatience of situation that forces you to shorten danger, rather than await its regular approach; nor from a consciousness, that you are incapable of preserving order, and so wish to hide the defect under the mask of valour; but I will suppose it proceeds from eagerness to be signalized, and a fear lest the enemy should escape you. But I have told you just now, that you cannot run swifter than other men; how then can you hope to overtake these,
who,

who, winged also with terror, have often many miles the start of you. If they chuse to await you, a little time will not tire their patience. If they fly, how can you reasonably expect to overtake them?

I appeal now to yourselves. How often have you seen by much the greater part of your fellow warriors panting, dying, dead, scattered through a very long line of march, that a few of the most vigorous might reach the enemy with expedition? Have they reached them? Seldom. Have they had strength to charge them? Seldom. Have they had strength to pursue the advantage? I will venture to say never. Of what use then was this celerity? Of none. And yet a few minutes delay would have brought you up regular, in breath, and ensured you every advantage. Thus our war has been distinguished from all others, for expedition has occasioned every inconvenience, which is generally found in delay. But on the other side, have we not often found ourselves in so defenceless a state as to afford an easy prey to those we pursued, should they have had resolution to turn on us? The Tucumans never think themselves beaten until their ranks are broke; what would be their astonishment to hear that we began the battle by breaking them; and what fatal advantages would they not reap from it? You have now a foe that will stand you at bay: conceive the horrors of these

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soldiers,

soldiers, who in our usual exhausted state should come up with an enemy who stood firm, and charged in their turn, fresh, and in regular order? In vain would they look back for assistance on their numerous companions, these almost exhausted, can only behold their fate with unavailing eye, expecting the resistless stroke which soon must fall on themselves. You may call this a picture of the fancy, but I dread the hour when it may prove a true one.

But perhaps this tumultuous mode of attack proceeds from your conceiving, that all a soldier's duty consists in fighting, whether right or wrong, and upon all occasions. Our gracious masters, the Missionaries, have often told me before I was appointed to this command, of some generals§ over the great waters, one of whom said: "He did not like these actions in which fortune had more to do than judgment." And another, "That he was not put in command to fight, but to overcome." And also of two men of the great nation I told you of, one of whom conquered two great kingdoms, and another saved his country merely by avoiding a battle; and yet *you* cannot see twenty men perched on a hill but you call your officer a coward if he does not attack them, though perhaps it entirely disconcerts a more important expedition.

Twenty

§ Doria, Alva, Corbulo, and Fabius.

Twenty men appear on a hill in the road to a place you want to surprise. Your officer wishes not to be discovered, and would turn into another road, but he fears for his character: He attacks with a superior force, loses many men, forces an inferior number from a post of no importance, and which he leaves from the countries being alarmed, and he returns without having executed his orders. Now had he pursued his own plan he would have obeyed command, and as you love fighting, you would have had full sufficient of it in making a soldierly retreat to your army. But I shall regard not your clamours, I shall be sparing of your blood on trifling occasions; but when your country and your glory demand it, then you shall shed it most profusely. I conceive myself your father, regard you each other as brothers; whether would you crush the foe at the expence of the blood of your brothers, or would you rather resemble the bolt of heaven, which is felt before it is seen?

But what is little reconcilable to this rage for war, is that tumult, noise, amazement, and confusion that often reign amongst you at the sight of that enemy whom you came prepared to meet, as if some supernatural appearance was before you, which you were by no means taught to expect: nor can I reconcile that gloomy amazement which also sometimes possesses you when you hear of any man's being killed or wounded, though one would

think, that when you march against an enemy, armed with instruments of destruction, it would be more wonderfull if you saw no enemy, or their instruments of destruction had been by some magic rendered harmless. This conduct is beneath the truly brave man, to whom all situations should be, or at least should seem to be, familiar.

Silence on expeditions I need not recommend, you must all see the propriety of it, though you have been very deficient in keeping it. The first man who speaks when silence is enjoin'd, I shall instantly command to be put to death, as one who had nearly destroyed his brother warriors from disobedience, and an indulgence of his own humours, even at the expence of their lives.

But there is one absurdity which calls aloud for redress: every man with us is a general. On your arrival at any new ground, the bows and haflagueys are immediately laid aside, and every man has recourse to his hollow bamboo; this you call *ot ertionnocer*.† Nay more: every man deserts his post without distinction; warriors of inferior rank, children who have never stretched a bow string, as well as more experienced veterans, communicate

† It is very singular, that this Indian word, which I have preserved for that reason, read backward makes the English words *to reconnoitre*; yet I should be very sorry if this defect was our case. Prince Maurice of Nassau forbid all reconnoitring.

communicate schemes, observations, and false intelligence to the commander. Thus he is often beat before he can form any plan of his own, or perhaps forms a confused piece of patch-work, composed of different parts of all these plans, which nothing but fortune can make successful. Nay should he even adopt a good plan with success, every man thinks he would have acted better if he had followed *his* own particular scheme; never considering that men see ground in different points of view; that a single army cannot execute the schemes of every man in it, or if every man had a separate army, that very army would be subdivided into an equal number of these schemers, until the schemers alone would cover a space of ground equal to the armies themselves.

But what is still more fatal is, that men will presume to act from themselves, with a view to a partial advantage, which if taken may ruin a grand scheme they are not acquainted with, and of course cannot comprehend. A young boy of spirit ordered to retreat from what he thinks an inferior number, accuses the general of cowardice; or pretending that no such order can be given, charges, falls in with a body he did not expect to meet, and is cut in pieces. Or supposing he routs them? He comes in triumph to the general. Was I that general not Manco's self should save him. Had he retreated through dark woods, my troops
would

would have surrounded the foe, and the victory had been compleat. I would commend indeed his valour, but he should expiate his disobedience by death.*

Know then, that I alone will be general; in all urgent business I will consult my ablest officers: but let no man give me advice unasked. Any situation of the enemy that I cannot well discern, I shall be glad to know from another, but it shall be left to *my* opinion how to treat it. I would rather decide firmly on a wrong measure, than hesitate too long on a right one, for much is allowed to fortune, much to my troops. Every man from me shall obtain the reputation he deserves; and it is but just that no man should by his obstinacy, self-conceit, or ill-conduct, endanger mine.

For myself, brother warriors, you must not expect to see me marching at your head with my bow, my hagguey, and my blanket. I shall make use of a lama or a palanquin. It is when your fatigue is over, that mine is to begin. Whilst you sleep in security, I am to watch for you, to mark the situation of the enemy, to visit the posts, learn the nature of the country, and fix the plan for the ensuing day. It will be little consolation to you that I have wearied myself with you on the march, if you afterwards find me incapable of taking any steps for your safety.

Nor

* Vid. the instance of Manlius Torquatus.

Nor must you think, because you do not see me adventuring my person on all occasions, that I am less brave than my predecessors in command. With me rests the plan of action, with me the intelligence, with me many secrets material to your success, and which are not yet intrusted to another. I am no common life ; your own lives depend much on mine. You will have excellent officers to lead you on, be it *my* duty to spare no fatigue of mind to ensure you victory with safety. But if by the will of the great Manco Capac, by my own error, or the unavoidable chance of war, ill fortune should be our lot, you will find none more patient of calamity than your general, none more adventurous in the hour of death.

My fellow warriors, let these precepts sink into your minds.

But see! the great luminary of the world hastens to gild the palace of Manco, and illumine the regions of the happy. Prepare your arms. That when he again shall raise his glittering crown in the east, he may behold us marching with obedience against the perfidious foes of our state; not like the winter's torrent which roars for a time and is no more heard, but slow and resistless as the advancing tide of the ocean : nor shall our course be stayed, until rebellion bows its head, our faithless enemies confess our power, and our canoes again sail triumphant on the vast waters of La Plata.

A TALE.

A T A L E.

IN that remarkable æra, when Charles the fifth was engaged in war with the Princes of the Smalcaldic league, a club of politicians (for there were such clubs even in these early days) were assembled at their nightly rendezvous, in Dresden, to read the papers. They found in one a short paragraph, hinting at an advantage gained by the troops of the Elector, the particulars of which would be published in the next Gazette. On this an antient member of the club arose, with self-sufficient face: Gentlemen, says he, wait not for the Gazette, I have intelligence full as good as any it can afford. I have here a letter from my son Ferdinand, written immediately after the action. The company called aloud for it, and he read as follows:

Honoured Sir,

I Have just time to tell you, that we have gained a great victory. The enemy was posted on almost inaccessible precipices, defended by strong works; yet, after a hot engagement, we drove him from
all.

all. Luckily there was no shelter for the routed foes, so we killed not a few in the pursuit. We marched at day-break, but did not begin the action until five in the afternoon. Could we have been up sooner, we might have done more mischief.

I am, &c. *Ferdinand de Kuntoch.*

After he had read this with some applause, another gentleman got up. Mr. de Kuntoch, says he, I am much afraid that Mr. Ferdinand, as a young man, has raised mole-hills into mountains; and, as to the enemies having no shelter in their retreat, he saw them where they could not be seen. Mr. De Kuntoch was about to reply with some warmth, when the other proceeded to read aloud a letter he had received from his nephew.

Dear unele,

ALL I can tell you is, that we have gained a victory. The action lasted from morning till night. We scarcely saw any of the enemy, as the wood we engaged in was low, swampy, and so thick of brush, that we could scarcely make our way through it.

I am, &c.

Gustavus Memingerode.

The whole company gazed with wonder on each other; when a third gentleman arose, and without deigning to make use of any prelude, but that of casting a contemptuous sneer on each of the two disputants, opened another letter, and read as follows:

I.

My

My dear Sir,

THIS day has been brilliant, as to fight and success. The enemy never gave us so open a front. A fine champain country, without hedge, ditch, or any impediment to obstruct our operations. The march of the cavalry to charge each other, in a plain where there was no shelter nor advantage to be taken, formed a glorious scene. I am weary, so must conclude. Yours, &c.

Frederick Smidst.

At the conclusion of this account, so contradictory to both the others, the club remained for some time silent, and then fell into violent altercation. The veracity of all parties was doubted in turn, and such was their animosity, that a society of 200 years standing was about to suffer final dissolution, when an old officer, who had been long looked on as a strange incommunicative man, said, Gentlemen, I can easily settle this business. I will prove, that each of these letters contains a true state of the fact, to the best of the writer's observation. Here is a note from a field officer, who knows as much as any man, yet knows but little of the matter.

Dear Sir,

WE are victorious. The enemy was posted with his left entrenched in the Harspurg mountains; his right occupied the wood of Glubst; and

His

his center a fine plain, near the village of Weidneidtsfleighterneight. Our right was ordered to defile by Kobleist to take his left in flank, our left and centre attacked his front. The battle was not so decisive as it might have been, as we could not reach the mountains till five in the evening. We know not how many fell in the wood, as the underwood was thick. We mowed down numbers in the plain. As to any more particulars, you know enough of action to know the impossibility of giving them with truth. Yours, &c.

Now, gentlemen, how easy is this reconciled, by supposing your three correspondents on the right, the left, and the centre. How unjust is it then to demand from individuals an account of the operations of the army, which few but the commander can judge of, and whose account, if you will wait a little, you will soon see published by authority? The company assented with loud applause to their new oracle, and the bumper circulated to the battle of Weidneidtsfleighterneight, and a speedy publication of the Gazette.

* * * The credibility of Gazettes in *general* is not to be gathered from the authenticity of one in the time of the Smalcaldic league :

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur ab illis.

A FRAG-

A FRAGMENT.

YOU have seen hard service, Col. Northerton, says Mr. Wealthy. Aye, d--n me, has he, replied the Major; for I'll be sworn he has not gone to bed sober these five years. There was the 27th of August--- A memorable day, says Wealthy.— I know little about the day, says the Major, but the night was d--n'd memorable: the Colonel and I drank eight bottles, hand to fist.— Pray, Sir, says Wealthy, may I beg some account of that day?— He give an account, replies the Colonel; he be d--n'd; he was too drunk from the last night's debauch, to know any thing that happened there.— Pray (with submission), says Wealthy, is not a clear head necessary in carrying on the art of war? — Art! (says Colonel Northerton, with a countenance of surprize) Art of war! By G-d I never saw any art in it; for, d--n me, all I do is to halloo my men to the enemy, and he that gets up first is the best man; and I believe I am as good an officer as my neighbours.

— Aye,

—Aye, by G-d are you, Sir, says the Lieutenant (who had long been listening with admiration), for the devil a man in our regiment can run with you. By G-d I have often seen you, in a charge, twenty yards a-head of Jack Thomas, the long fiser; and if your men had not always been knocked up, I'll be sworn you would often have beat the enemy.—Here the Colonel called out, with great extasy, “Follow me; come on, come on—stop for no one”—concluding with that harmonious sound, which in the hunting phrase is termed a view halloo.

The Parson now put in his word by remarking, that he believed there was a different mode of war carried on by that great captain, Epaminondas.—Who to the devil is he? says the Colonel. He must have come out lately to America; for I have got drunk with all the Hessian captains over and over, and may I be d-n'd if ever I heard his name before.—Perhaps he belonged to the northern army, says the Major.—Aye, very likely, replied the Colonel. Pray, Sir, was he a full captain, or only captain-lieutenant of the Brunswick troops? —I do not mean, says the Parson with a smile, that he was merely the captain of a company, but speak of him as you would perhaps do of Wolfe, when you say he was the greatest British Captain of our times.—By G-d, Sir, says the Colonel, I never said it; and I should lie confoundedly if I did,

did; for we all knew him to be a Major-General, and one that would have beat fifty of your captains with the confounded German name.— Good Mr. Parson, says the Lieutenant, stick to your preaching; don't talk with the Colonel on these matters; egad, whoever catches him, will catch a tortoise.— So I should judge, says the Parson, from the impenetrable hardness of the shell.— Solid as the Colonel's shell was in reality, it could not resist so keen and well pointed a stroke. His face grew inflamed, and seizing a decanter — *Cætera desunt.*

N. B. I trust this caricature, in which I have endeavoured to revive *Fielding's Northerton* in the rank of a field-officer, will not be supposed a sarcasm on the army in general. Many men of this description, from connexion or flattery, often in time of war rob the brave and honest man of his promotion; and, by their ignorance and ill-conduct in time of peace, entail disgrace on a profession, which of all others, when properly pursued, is the school of elegance and honour.—To those who have trod in the true paths of fame, I have addressed these hasty sketches. Should the Northertons of the army be my enemies, I shall consider their enmity as my triumph.

Love

Love of the Service.

A Man of a very common plain understanding will easily form to himself the ardour with which a young man may take the field, who has not experienced the hardship of service : but such a man will be much surprized when he is told, that twenty thousand men of different ranks, tempers, and educations, who had for the preceding year been exposed to rain, hunger, thirst, and want of covering or comfort ; who had been secluded from every intercourse of social life, and subjected to perpetual danger ; to whom a cloak had often been a house, a crust a luxurious banquet ; shall at the commencement of a new year, in that season when all nature is attuned to love, and the soul melts with sympathy and pleasure, forsake their winter quarters, again to encounter these evils ; not with reluctance, but with joy, with extasy, with transport. A man of the description I have mentioned, will attribute this to madness, or a thirst for human blood. But the source is far removed from either, especially the latter cause. Service, indeed, shakes off some weaknesses incidental

dental to tender minds, but it heightens every tint of humanity.

This love of service may operate strongly on a man's mind, who is not even tinctured with ambition. The source of it is mutual confidence. We are a body of men deserting our near connexions, equally sharing danger and calamity, and engaged by every honourable compact to defend each other, at the risque of life itself. Hence arises a kind of affection amongst men, whose names are scarcely known to each other ; for each man in his brother warrior beholds a friend and a protector. Hence that noble disinterestedness of spirit, free from jealousy, free from guile, which is found in the open generous foldier. The manners of a camp resemble those of the golden age, before the selfishness of property was known. A soldier unknown to you will often claim a share of your food, or the corner of your watch coat, almost without waiting for an invitation. This mutual tie of confidence humanizes the heart, amidst the wildness of forests, or the savage horrors of carnage.

There is also in war an incessant change of scene, which gratifies the curiosity ; an activity required, which sets the spirits on float, and leaves no time for reflection ; and a kind of solemnity and grandeur, which elevates the mind, and expands the understanding. From these sources are derived the love a true military spirit has for his profession,

profession, and that noble yet guarded freedom, which is only to be learnt in a camp.

With all these advantages there is a fault, however, attending the consciousness of a soldier. For however polite and guarded he may be, yet if he is a man of warm imagination, this consciousness may beget a kind of secret contempt for all men (however estimable) who are out of the pale of warriors. But this is so natural, as almost to disarm censure.

There is a something, a nameless something, a kind of illusion, which attends the reflexion on military service. When a man considers calmly, that he has undergone fatigues as great as those of any hero of romance; that like that hero he has crossed tempestuous oceans, and sought glory amidst invisible agents of destruction, clothed in sheets of fire, and the roar of infernal thunder; the reason can scarce confirm the experience of the senses. But when he further reflects, that these were combated for no enchanted princess, but for his country and his king, there must arise in his mind a certain matchless elevation: He can scarce think himself a being of *this* world; he has encountered scenes of death and horror, beyond the belief or conception of the man of peace. Hence arises a seclusion of the mind. He grows indifferent as to opinion; he considers himself as a being far removed above the peaceful sphere; as if

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he alone had felt benevolence, he alone had served the state, he alone had called forth the innate majesty of man.

WOUNDS.

CONJECTURE has been wearied in endeavouring to find the reasons why we lose fewer men in our wars than we did formerly. The mixing more seldom in close fight, the difference of our arms, and many other causes have been assigned, but all inconclusive. Our weapons of death are more formidable than those of the ancients, they carry destruction thro' a wider circle, and our bodies, since armour has been laid aside, are more exposed to their influence. Not all the catapults of a Roman army could ever bring down so many men, as a cannon loaded with cannister shot. What then is the true reason for this comparatively small loss? May I venture to answer, our improvement in the surgical art? We are surprized in reading Homer, to find his heroes dying of such trifling wounds, and are apt to suspect the judgment of that poet, who, we are told by modern commentators, was a master of universal knowledge, and whose poem has lately been held forth as a system of natural philosophy. But, rail-
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lery apart—the true reason is, the divine Machaon and his brother doctor were both a couple of blunders.—With *our* surgeons scarce a wound is mortal which doth not affect the head or the heart. I myself have received six wounds, either of which would have given Ajax Telamon a passport for Elysium; and I know no less than three lieutenant colonels of the regiment I once belonged to, who had been all shot thro' the body, yet they not only survived, but one of them was actually cured of an impostume, which had baffled medicine, by the balls breaking it in its passage. From this a new hint in surgery may be taken; and should this complaint affect me some years hence, I should not be surprized to see some well-bred London surgeon laying on my table a well-mounted small sword, and an elegant brace of pistols, and politely giving me my choice, as to the instrument of operation.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN

CONDE and TURENNE.

THESE men seemed to be particularly designed by Providence to complete the splendour of an age which dazzled the universe with its brightness; and, like twin stars, they preserved their lustre unfaded amidst a constellation of heroes.

At a time when military virtue was at its height, and every part of the world could boast of some able commander, the voice of Europe pronounced them the greatest Captains of the age. Victory followed their arms; and if she left them for a moment, it was to convince the astonished universe, that every disadvantage, nay loss of success itself, prevailed not against the resources of genius.

Yet though their fortune, their reputation, their glory were the same, their minds, their tempers, nay their genius itself, formed a striking and remarkable CONTRAST.

The one, fond of the splendour of great exploits, seemed eagerly to snatch at fortune, disdain-
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daining to wait for events ; the other, regarding utility rather than splendour, strove to ensure her by a more moderate conduct, and scarce left any thing to chance, which foresight or judgment could obtain. Thus, while the success of the former is ever marked by some victory, some coup de main, or some striking line by which we may trace it, we are surprized at the advantages reaped by the latter ; and finding no fascinating mark of brilliant rashness, are amazed at his good fortune, since on a transient view we are unable to account for it.

The one, was superior to all men in seizing and pursuing an advantage ; but his vivacity made him less capable of combining the operations of a campaign. The other, inferior in genius, supplied this defect by observation ; and though he gained no victories which astonish us, his conduct must demand our esteem.

If in the one we see great errors, amended by strokes almost surpassing human abilities ; the judgment of the other prevents a similar praise, by affording him few causes for amendment.

In Conde all is bright : in Turenne all is beautiful. The one a glorious sun, now shaded by a fleeting cloud, now bursting forth with more resplendent lustre. The other a milder sun in an unclouded sky, more equal in its heat and in its splendour.

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The one a cataract, dashing over rugged rocks, whose broken and uneven points add to the rude wildness of the scene. The other, a deep stream, rolling along in solemn pomp, uniformly full and majestic.

The actions of Conde rise embossed on the imagination; those of Turenne are enamelled on the judgment. The works of the one are bold, but incorrect; but on examining those of the other, we shall find them, tho' less strong, yet more beautiful; almost without a defect; and displaying, even in the minutest parts, the finished touches of a master.

The course of fame which was allotted to these heroes, seemed traced out by this difference of genius.

The Prince, like a comet, burst at once upon the sight in a full blaze of glory. Without experience, without ripened years to assist him, he routs numerous and veteran armies, headed by able generals. Spain and Germany see their victorious troops sink beneath the fortune of a boy. Rocroi, Lens, Friburg, and Norlingen, proclaim the triumphs of the hero. Already he equals in fame the glory of the greatest commanders.

The Viscount as it were steals upon the judgment. With less genius than his rival, he supplies the defect by application. Experience ripens him so gradually, that we perceive not the steps with

with which he advances; yet though his parts open slowly, he rises by a beautiful climax, until at last when we find him checking even Conde himself, and baffling the force of the empire, we are tempted to enquire, whence so suddenly sprang up a warrior so wise, and so accomplished?

Their genius was not more opposite than their tempers. The Prince was born with violent and unbridled passions, which his high rank and early success ripened into a fatal luxuriance.

The Viscount's passions were more gentle; and from an early habit of military obedience, he had gained an easy and constant command of them.

Hence the conduct of the one was at times irregular and violent; that of the other always uniform and calm.

Both were ambitious. But the ambition of Conde was called to view by the impetuosity of his spirit, whilst that of Turenne was concealed by the uncommon moderation of his temper. Thus, whilst we execrate the Prince for making his love of power the source of civil discord in his country, we lose in the seeming disinterestedness of the Viscount, his having sacrificed every sacred tie to obtain a post, which as yet had been incompatible with his principles*.

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* The admirers of Turenne, who hold him up as a model of perfection, seem to have purposely overlooked this singular circumstance, viz. This virtuous and all-accomplished

The contest in arms between these great commanders presents us with one of the noblest scenes that has been acted on the human stage.

Here we behold the two first captains in the universe exerting the whole science of war, to surprise, circumvent, or gain some advantage over each other.

If Conde now appears with less brilliant success than before, we must consider that he was a subaltern; a fugitive in an army, headed by generals without vigour, and who prided themselves in dissenting from every opinion he advanced. Yet without command, almost without troops, and destitute of the advantage of having had a master in the art of war, he checks the progress of the armies of France, and becomes formidable to the most experienced warrior of his age.

If † experience had aided the genius of Conde, Turenne had not so often prevailed against him.

In
 accomplished man absolutely changed his religion on the king's hinting to him, that he could wish to raise him higher; but the posts he had in view were incompatible with Hugonot principles.

† The word *experience* is not here to be taken in its general sense. Conde had seen full as much service as his rival, but he never was in a subordinate command. His first essay in arms was at the head of an army; and as his birth and influence must have drawn a crowd of flatterers around him, he was left intirely to his own imagination, having perhaps
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In his riper years, we find the hero at the head of a dispirited army, checking the progress of the great Montecuculi, and forcing him, (though flushed with victory) once more to repass the Rhine.

These great men dreaded, yet esteemed each other. Though plunged in the horrors of a civil war, the nobleness of their minds triumphed over the prejudice of party; and whilst they were publicly exhausting every art of destruction, considered as the leaders of two factions, they still preserved a private and amicable correspondence, as friends that had been mutually happy. Conde complains of the Viscount for having spoke slightly of his conduct; his noble motive for this letter gilds over the injustice of the complaint.

May we then venture to make this analysis of their parts?

Conde had a genius formed for war; but want of early experience prevented his attaining perfection. In Turenne, experience and ob-

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servation

few in his army who would either give him advice, or find fault with his measures. This gave him that kind of obstinacy in opinion, which was displayed in his attacks at Friburg and Norlingen, against the advice of Turenne; and success having justified his rashness, this obstinacy grew habitual, and never entirely forsook him. However, if his faults are to be ascribed to this deficiency in his military education, we must acknowledge that his beauties were derived from his own comprehensive genius.

servation supplied the place of genius, and rendered
 him, if a less shining, yet a more universal com-
 mander. In Conde we have brightness of parts ;
 in Turenne depth of understanding. In Conde
 we find the quickness of Alexander ; in Turenne
 the steadiness of Cæsar. We admire the flights
 of the one ; we esteem the certainty of the other.
 The ardor of Conde breathed fire into his troops ;
 the caution of Turenne inspired confidence.
 Conde would be the hero of our youth ; Turenne
 the admiration of our riper years. For whilst the
 imagination is enamoured of the Prince, the
 maturer judgment becomes the slave of the
 Viscount.

THE CONTRAST
BETWEEN
HANNIBAL and *SCIPIO*.

A *Contrast* between Hannibal and Scipio? (says the Reader) What can the author mean? Can there be a fitter subject for a parallel, and have not all historians drawn the parallel? True. And notwithstanding the ground has been so often trod before me, I am almost tempted to retrace it merely from the facility of the way. It is extremely easy to bring together some circumstances in which two men may resemble each other; as Plutarch has done in his parallel between Philopæmen and Flaminius, where the whole resemblance lies, in their having both been at the head of armies: but there is a peculiar character in every individual. This character it is the business of the historian to elucidate; his task is not parallel, but discrimination. Upon this principle, I have, with some timidity, and in a very unconnected manner, undertaken to contrast two men, whose genius and glory, at first view, seem to bear a very striking resemblance.

Long had the rival states of Rome and Carthage deluged the world with blood, when, on the 551st year of Rome, their armies met on the plains of Zama to decide at once the fate of empire. The Roman army was commanded by Scipio, that of Carthage by Hannibal:* both hitherto invincible in war, and the most consummate captains that either nation had produced. They were both bred up in war from their childhood; but Hannibal had seen much of action, and had been entrusted with high command in Spain; whilst Scipio never possessed a separate command until he became a general; but he was in some measure trained to arms by his great opponent; and even the defeats of Ticinum, Trebia, and Cannæ,

* Polybius tells us, that Hannibal was victorious in every action, however trifling, till the battle of Zama. Livy, on the contrary, has given every commander of a detachment the victory over him, and has killed him more men than he had in his army. Polybius perhaps carries this matter too far, to enhance the triumph of Scipio. It is very natural to suppose in the fortune of war, that Hannibal was sometimes unsuccessful, and probably some of his scattered parties might have been cut off; but if he had suffered one of the defeats mentioned by Livy, his allies would have forsaken him: yet we see him embarking his whole army for Carthage, without the Romans daring to molest him. As I cannot allow temporary checks to amount to defeats, I must therefore with Polybius call Hannibal *hitherto invincible*.

Cannæ, were better schools for a soldier than all Hamilcars's victories over the Spaniards. The genius of Hannibal was enterprising and vast; that of Scipio more regular and cautious. Their personal spirit was undoubted; but that of Hannibal was more active, he was found at the head of every detachment; Scipio more frequently entrusted them to others. Hannibal had been wounded before Saguntum, he had been again wounded at the attack of a little town after the battle of Trebia; Scipio viewed new Carthage covered with the shields of his body guard. Scipio, you are no soldier, exclaimed a centurion. True, he replied, I am a general.* Yet this was that Scipio, whose steadiness saved the remains of the Roman army after Cannæ, and whose personal exertions secured the victory at Silpia.—They both possessed, in a wonderful degree, that captivating address which wins the hearts of men; but Hannibal's address was of a more accommodating nature, adapted to the different nations he commanded; that of Scipio was a little tinged with the native haughtiness of a Roman. The
soul

* I omit quoting Scipio's having saved his father's life at Ticinum, because this anecdote, with that of his conversing with Jove in the Capitol, and his mother's having been visited by a dragon, are such bare-faced copies from the story of Alexander, that I much wonder any historian of credit could admit them into his page.

soul of Hannibal, tho' fierce and inveterate against Rome, was by nature generous and tender; that of Scipio, unmoved by tenderness or rage, was at all times inflexible and steady. "With the rising sun we again behold the Roman army. Will Marcellus never let us rest?" says the Carthaginian. Marcellus falls, Hannibal himself speaks the eulogium of his foe, and presents his ashes to his son. "Deliver up your lovely bride to grace my triumph," says the Roman to a monarch, his friend and his ally. How shall we reconcile this with a great and generous mind? Shall we execrate the unfeeling breast of Scipio, or the brutal policy of Rome? The stratagems of Hannibal were exhaustless, but tho' he had all the Roman force to contend with, and was unsupported by his country, yet we find none that were marked with perfidy or injustice. How far Scipio's treacherous victory over Syphax, and unjust conduct in the business of Emporia, can be done away by the Roman maxim, "that no faith should be kept with barbarians," let the admirers of the *Romana Fides* explain. His dismissal of the ambassadors of Carthage after the insult his own had received; and his boldly releasing the spies, after having shewn them the disposition of his camp, prove that his mind wanted neither generosity, nor elevation, but, with a Roman citizen, the

the aggrandizement of the state, absorbed all other considerations.

The discipline maintained by Hannibal, in an army composed of nations different in arms, habits, and language, had been long the admiration of the world. And tho' the Romans indulged hopes that the sweets of Capua would enervate his forces, yet a contest of thirteen years convinced them how delusive these hopes had been. Scipio had been accused of negligence in discipline, but it was by those who were jealous of his rising greatness. His army experienced but one mutiny, and that in the absence of the general; but his presence and conduct soon quelled the insurrection; not indeed with that splendid boldness, which should bespeak the brother of Ammon, and son of Capitoline Jove, but with the steadiness of a commander, and the art of a politician. In all vicissitudes of his fortune, Hannibal had been obedient to Carthage; Scipio was haughty to the senate, and wished to move, unfettered by controul. But this difference of conduct sprung rather from circumstance than temper. A general of the Carthaginians not blessed with success, expected an ignominious death; but the person of a Roman citizen was inviolate; he trampled on the diadems of kings, and stooped with reluctance even to immortal gods. Both generals had been accused of tardiness and neglect; the

the one in not besieging Rome, the other in not earlier beginning his operations in Spain and in Afric; but Hannibal had neither force nor engines to justify an attack on Rome, and Scipio's delay was founded on prudence and foresight. He chose to leave nothing unprovided, and to form alliances in the country he was to invade, that he might begin his wars with advantage.

Hannibal relied on a rapidity, Scipio on a regularity of genius. The Carthaginian was famed for marches and ambuscades; he infused a certain matchless vigour into his troops, and led whole armies with the celerity of a partisan; Scipio was more cautious and circumspect, he loved stratagem but little, and chose to found his victories on the principles of military tactics. But this difference in conduct was not so much traced out by genius, as by that necessity which arose in some measure from the different orders of battle maintained by these rival nations. The Carthaginians were almost always formed in one line, the Romans in three. Thus the troops of Carthage once routed could not rally, but those of Rome could combine three battles in one. Hannibal was conscious of this defect, and amended it by stratagem and subtlety. The Romans relied too much on their superior order of battle, which made them despise refinement, and often eager to engage at every disadvantage.

disadvantage: witness the bloody fields of Thra-
 fimene and Trebia.

The great battles of Silpia and Cannæ had justly
 raised the fame of the rival warriors. The plans
 of these battles at the first view bear a strong re-
 semblance to each other; but, on a nicer inspec-
 tion, we shall find each marked with the peculiar
 character of the general. Both were won by the
 best troops having been placed in the wings, and
 the armies formed in a kind of semi-circle. But
 Scipio gained Silpia by advancing with the wings,
 keeping back the centre; and Hannibal won
 Cannæ by advancing from the centre and keeping
 back the wings. Scipio presenting to the enemy
 a concave, and Hannibal a convex order of battle.
 Before the action of Silpia, both armies had faced
 each other for some days with their best troops in
 the centre, when suddenly Scipio came forth from
 his camp with his best troops in the wings, and
 advanced rapidly on the enemy, keeping back his
 centre. The opposing general had not time to
 change his disposition, and the event was obvious.
 This was a very capital manœuvre, but yet it had
 nothing of stratagem in it. Scipio's intention was
 easily seen through, tho' it could not be guarded
 against; but the field of Cannæ, in which a small
 army ambuscaded a greater in open ground, by dint
 of fair military evolution, was a unique in war,

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which had baffled the conjecture of tacticians, and of which no age has produced an example.

Hannibal had invaded Italy, and pierc'd to the walls of Rome; but checked by an inglorious faction his victories had been rendered useless; and now, after a war of sixteen years, maintained by the resources of his genius, he was recalled to oppose Scipio, who had invaded Afric with success, and removed the storm of war to the gates of Carthage. The plan of carrying war into the country of an enemy, had been proposed to their different states both by Hannibal and Scipio, but with these different views: The one wished to scatter desolation thro' the enemies' country, the other to remove it from his own. Hannibal's proposal met at first the full approbation of Carthage; * but the Roman senate opposed, nay thwarted, the views of Scipio. He boldly engaged in it, at all hazards; on himself he took the important task; and when we contrast his youth with the judgment he displayed in his plan, the address with which he secured the command of

* Cato accused Scipio of studying Greek in Sicily, and therefore moved, that he should be superseded. Hannibal *the barbarian* wrote his campaigns in Greek. Carthage was the mart of the world; the Greek tongue there perhaps was spoken as the French is now in London; but ignorance was the boast of Rome, till Cato himself began to learn Greek at fourscore years of age.

of an army to execute it, tho' opposed by the great names of Fabius and of Cato, and the courage and ability which he displayed in the execution, we must allow him the praise that is due to superior genius.

But if Scipio here appears to advantage, great was the contrast between the difficulties to be surmounted in the attempt. The march of Hannibal was through hostile nations, through deep forests, o'er rapid rivers and mountains that seemed to prop the heavens ; he could not guard against ill fortune, he had no retreat, and he was to attack a nation the most warlike in the world, and whose force, hitherto unbroken, was concentrated round the Capitol. Scipio had only a narrow part of the sea to cross, and he had a retreat in his ships. He was to wage war with a state of merchants, whose finances were exhausted, whose veteran troops were far distant, and whose present defenders were undisciplined mercenaries, headed by generals without vigour or experience. Neither Asdrubal nor Syphax could hold the scale of war against Scipio : on Hannibal rested the hopes of Carthage.

In the middle of the plain which divided both armies these famous warriors held an interview. The first moments were spent in that silence which is impressed by mutual admiration. The beauteous person of Scipio, now in its prime, glowed with health and manly vigour ; his heart

was elate with success, and civility thinly veiled the exultation which was displayed on his countenance. Hannibal had lost an eye; his person, now in its decline, was still vigorous, but furrowed with the traces of anxiety and hardship. The fall of Asdrubal and the injustice of Carthage had diffused a melancholy o'er his mind, and tho' he was now the generous champion of an ungrateful country, yet the *Agnosco Fortunam Romanam* still kept possession of his breast. Short was the interview, and took its complexion from the different states of mind of the generals. Hannibal warns Scipio of the instability of fortune, and proposes terms of peace and submission from Carthage: Scipio haughtily rejects them, and refers the arbitration to the sword. The field of Zama is known to every soldier. Each general departed from his usual order of battle. Scipio left his intervals open, to let the elephants pass without disordering his ranks: Hannibal could not trust his new levies in his line, lest they should desert him. He therefore drew up in three lines, placing these levies between his Africans and his Italians, who formed the third line, and were intended to attack Scipio's army, when in confusion, fatigued, and with blunted weapons, after the slaughter of the two first lines. But Scipio, with the keen eye of a general, penetrated thro' his scheme; and, after the defeat of the two first lines,

lines, halted, sent his wounded to the rear, and forming the principes and triarii on the flanks of the hastati, advanced in one line to attack the reserve of the Carthaginians. Here Scipio adopted the Carthaginian order of battle; but the reason was obvious. There was not room, in front of Hannibal's reserve, to form three lines, without their being entangled in the dead bodies; by forming in one line, Scipio was freed from this incumbrance. The battle hung long suspended, when Lelius and Maffiniffa, returning from the pursuit of the Punic cavalry (which had been routed by their own elephants), fell on the rear of their infantry. Hannibal fled to Adrumetum, and Scipio gave laws to Carthage.

The partial Roman historians, writing of the battles of Cannæ and Zama, attribute the loss of the one to the imprudence of Varro, that of the other to the inferiority of Hannibal to Scipio as a warrior; and they tell you, that both battles were won by the cavalry. But I believe it will be found, that Varro received positive orders to fight; that Æmilius, at that time the greatest general of the Romans, conducted the chief business of the day; that no one blamed Varro or Æmilius, they only confessed the superior skill of the Carthaginian; and that the disposition of the Roman forces was excellent, we have the opinion of a man, whose knowledge of military tactics no reasonable

sonable man will deny (admitting even that Cæsar formed no columns); I mean the French commentator on Polybius.

At Zama the skill of both generals was very great, such as might be expected from two such men in the final struggle for empire. But Hannibal could not foresee that his own elephants would rout both his wings of horse, and thus expose his rear to the attack of the Roman cavalry. Undoubtedly the horse had a great share in both actions; but observe, that at Cannæ Hannibal had nearly ruined the enemies' infantry, before his cavalry attacked their rear; but at Zama the victory was doubtful (if it did not incline to Carthage), till the fortunate return of the Roman horse. Thus it seems that the horse only *completed* the victory of Hannibal, but *gained* the victory for Scipio.

But it is on his return to his native city, that Hannibal appears in a new and superior light to Scipio. He is not crucified? No. He is made chief magistrate of the state. He now reforms abuses, regulates the finances, and governs with the abilities of a statesman, and the authority of one who had been fortunate. Whilst the great Scipio could not procure an office in Rome, either for his friend or his relation. How shall we account for this? Shall we say that Hannibal had universal talents, and that Scipio was only great in war;

war; or shall we not rather say, that the hopes of ruined Carthage were centered in Hannibal, and that Rome, jealous from prosperity, dreaded the ambition of her protector.*

Behold ye, who would scale the heights of fame, the unstableness of human glory.

See Hannibal driven from the state he had preserved, dependent on barbarian kings; wandering a wretched out-cast from realm to realm, persecuted by the ungenerous policy of Rome, and attempting in vain to rouse the timid nations to revenge; 'till, like a wounded lion at bay with his pursuers, let us, says he, rid the Romans of their dreaded foe, and expires.

See again the humbler of Hannibal and Carthage charged with peculation in that senate, where he presided. Does he clear himself of the charge? No. The prudent man would have done so? True. But the souls of heroes are of superior essence. He tears his accounts before the people. It was on the day of the anniversary of the field of Zama. This day, says he, I conquered Hannibal; let us return thanks to the gods. The multitude,

* It will be asked me if Scipio's brother had not the command against Antiochus the Great, and if he did not attend him as his lieutenant? Certainly. But I allude to a prior æra, A. U. C. 560, when Scipio lost the consulship both for Scipio Nasica and Lælius, the interest of Flaminius prevailing against him.

multitude, struck with reverence, follow him to the Capitol; he sacrifices, and then quits Rome to return no more. With Lelius, the companion of his fortunes, he retired to the village of LITERNUM; there, amidst the calm delights of literature and friendship, declined the days of the great Scipio. Injured as he was, he took no part in the tumults of the state; yet the balm of philosophy was in vain applied, deep rankled the shaft in his bosom, and his expiring lips breathed forth, Oh! trust not my remains with my ungrateful country! I have now finished the contrast I proposed, and am aware that it will be asked me, what is become of the cruelty of Hannibal and the clemency of Scipio, which have filled the historic page? I fear I may be thought one, who wishes to refine away the sober truth of history. But I shall not plead guilty to the charge. I do not presume to offer hints to such as *write* history, but I trust I may give some to those who *read* it; more particularly, as my defence is closely connected with the observations which conclude this essay.

In reading history we should be very cautious not to judge of characters from epithets, but from facts. Historians have fallen into a strange error; and thinking no substantive complete without its adjective, imagine that every great name is imperfect without its epithet. The epithet--the *ruling* epithet is perhaps frequently chosen from one single

gle action ; which so far from marking the general character, may possibly be utterly different from every other part of it. Mr. Macquer, in his Chronological Abridgment, says of Hannibal, “ If this great captain wanted religion, sincerity, and humanity, as he is *said* to have done, I will perhaps grant that he had the accomplishments of a conqueror, but I will not allow him those of a hero.” The author here seems to doubt the justice of the character he gives, by the qualified and cautionary expression, “ as he is *said*.” But by whom is this great captain said to be devoid of religion, humanity, and sincerity ? There is no proof of his having been destitute of religion ; unless the proof of it may be drawn from what possibly was the effect of zeal, his destroying the temples of those who professed another faith. There is no instance recorded of any inhumanity, but what falls within the fair province of war, and may be warranted by the policy of this world, or what hath been called the *law of nations*. As to his sincerity, we need no stronger proof of it than the long and inviolable attachment of his army and allies. From whom then is this very ungracious account of Hannibal taken ? From the *Romans*. It is drawn from the harsh epithets bestowed upon him by *their* historians and poets. But there required no extraordinary instances of cruelty to affix the epithets of *atrox* and *crudelis* on the successful invader of a state. But when

Scipio, breaking a most solemn treaty, surprises two unsuspecting armies, and not content with burning two thirds of them in their camp, sacrifices the remaining five thousand to Vulcan, it is only remarked by Mr. M. "that this horrid sacrifice shews how the *noblest* minds may be tainted by superstition;" and immediately after he is called, "the *brave* the *generous* Scipio." His breach of faith, his horrid sacrifice, are both sunk in the contemplation of Scipio's *self denial* in the instance of the fair Spaniard:—as if a man's forbearing to ravish the wife of another was such a singular action of heroic virtue, as to have merit sufficient to atone for some of the blackest crimes that could sully the honour of human nature!—To give a specimen of more of the historian's *epithets*.—The *execrable* Ravilliac stabs Henry the IVth, the professed enemy (as the assassin supposed) of the religion and liberties of his country: but it is the *mild*, the *patriotic* Brutus who plunges his dagger in the breast of his friend, his benefactor, and perhaps his parent. It is in vain to plead that Cæsar was an usurper. Rome could not exist without a dictator. The clemency and wonderful abilities of Cæsar gave him a kind of hereditary right to that dictatorship. Henry succeeded by arms to the throne of Anjou; and Cæsar to the dictatorship of Sylla.—The *dark*, the *unrelenting* Philip brings religious persecution on his subjects, yet not personally

personally but by proxy: but it is the *amiable* Francis, who marches as first executioner at a religious *auto-de-fe* in Paris.

More modern times have produced a very striking instance of the misapplication of epithet, when the name of GREAT was affixed to a very weak man, and facts were strained to support its credit. A Conde or a Luxemburg, shaked all Europe with alarms. This is called "the prevailing fortune of Lewis the GREAT." A Colbert and a Louvois exert all their powers to extend the fame of his domestic œconomy. Absorbed in pleasure and bloated with pride, he assumes the merit of instituting a marine, keeping on foot numerous armies, and atchieving victories, whilst dancing in the gallery of Versailles. Become now the head of Europe, time robs him of his protectors: but yet it is Lewis the GREAT that suffers his marine to decay, himself to be robbed of his triumphs; and who for want of penetration, or from a weakness that made him the dupe of female artifice, placed at the head of his shattered armies and finances those in all his dominions the most unfit for the posts they possessed. Finally deprived of his foreign conquests, oppressed by the weight of Europe, the barrier of his kingdom taken, his glory withered, and age doubling disgrace upon him; sinking under the superior fame of a private subject of Britain, and a prince born

in his own realm, and whom his own want of sagacity had driven into the service of his foes; his people impoverished, his treasury exhausted, and himself (long the play-thing of women and of priests) depressed by the weight of dotage and infirmity, yet even then his infatuated subjects, "lured by the whistling of a name," still extolled the exploits of Lewis le GRAND; and whilst that mighty potentate scarce felt the sensations of being, his metropolis was adorned with triumphal monuments, inscribed—"TO THE IMMORTAL MAN !!!"

A N
ELEGIAC EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED to a FRIEND,

On my leaving BOSTON in 1775, for the Cure of my
Wounds, sustained at BUNKER'S HILL.

O H, DORILAS, and must we part !
Alas ! the fatal day.
And must I leave thee, generous youth,
And tempt the raging sea !

Must we untwine the firmest link
In Friendship's golden chain !
'Tis so stern Destiny decrees,
And Friendship pleads in vain.

In infancy, e'er reason dawn'd,
We felt her sacred beam ;
'Twas love instinctive fill'd the spot,
Where now dwells pure esteem.

And as we ripen'd into man,
That love was still the same,
Save that the spark, in childhood nurs'd,
Glow'd with a stronger flame.

Say

* Say, had thy EDWARD e'er a grief,
That was not mourn'd by thee ;
Or hadst thou e'er a secret joy,
Which bright'ned not in me ?

Each thought, each act, seem'd but to flow
From one united mind,
So close had Friendship's magic pow'r
Our mutual hearts entwin'd.

When late fell Discord rear'd her torch
O'er *Boston's* hapless land,
Unmov'd we left our weeping friends,
At Honour's high command.

Together tempted Ocean's rage,
And dar'd th' unequal war ;
For time had bright'ned to a sun
Young friendship's early star.

And must we part, my DORILAS !
Yon signal speaks it true ;
The ship's unmoor'd, the canvas spread ;
Once more, dear friend, adieu !

To

* Whene'er had I a joy that was not Polydore's,
Or Polydore a grief that was not mine.

ORPHAN, ACT I.

To fav'ring winds and azure skies
 I spread my eager sails,
 And seek *Hygeia's** sacred fane
 In *Devon's* peaceful vales.

Whilst thou art doom'd in realms to pine,
 Where scorching *Sirius* reigns ;
 Where pestilence pollutes the air,
 And carnage gluts the plains ;

For me, my much-lov'd joyful fire
 The plenteous board prepares,
 And pale disease at length shall yield
 To soft maternal cares.

Yet let no jealous pang, lov'd youth,
 Deprive thy mind of rest ;
 Nor think, that distance, time, or place,
 Shall rob thee of my breast.

Tho' parents fond, and anxious friends,
 Each joy prepare for me,
 My sick'ning soul is ill at ease,
 Whilst thus bereft of thee.

Frequent I'll tread th' enamell'd mead,
 Or climb th' aspiring hill,
 Where Fancy oft her revels kept,
 Obedient to our will.

By

* *Hygeia*, the goddess of health.

By her creative pencil touch'd,
The cottage of the dale,
A crested castle tower'd to view,
Which valiant knights assail.

Oft on yon flower-embroider'd lawn,
Which skirts the waving wood,
Ideal armies fiercely charg'd
And dy'd the plain with blood.

The wood itself is hallow'd ground,
Where *Dryads* keep their court;
Where *Pan* leads up the sylvan dance,
And jocund *Satyrs* sport.

How oft together have we stray'd
By *Ifca*'s* silver streams,
In meditations rapt like these,
And visionary dreams?

How oft, beneath yon hoary oak,
Indulg'd the noon-tide hour,
Entranc'd by *Shakespeare*'s wood-notes wild,
Or *Spencer*'s fairy pow'r?

Still at that hour, oh! well-known tree,
I'll court thy friendly shade;
There violets bloom, the cowslip bends
Its dew-besprinkled head.

III-

* *Ifca*, the Latin name for the river *Exe*.

Ill-boding flower, ah me ! e'en now,
Far from his native land,
A fairer flow'ret droops to earth,
Oppress'd by Death's cold hand.

Horror ! behold his mangled corse
All bleeding on the shore ;
Ah ! see the ruddy bloom of health
Now paints that face no more.

Silent those lips, whose accents sweet
Beguil'd the live-long day ;
Clos'd are those eyes, which fondly beam'd
With Friendship's living ray.

Oh War ! thou fell insatiate fiend,
Yet spare his tender age !
I pray in vain ; he sinks beneath
Thy undiscerning rage.

Alas ! he wanton'd not in blood,
Fame call'd him to the field ;
• The proud opposer felt his sword,
The vanquish'd blest his shield.

Q

His

* " His sword should be levelled at the opposer, but his shield should be spread over the vanquished." See page 51.— If I must plead guilty to a charge of plagiarism, it will be some mitigation, that, like the miser in the play, I have stolen from my own property. The Letter to the Young Officer was published in 1778, three years after this poem.

His mind was of that steady bent,
Which gives the mock to fear ;
His eye was of that melting sort,
Which streams with Pity's tear.

Gentle his soul, yet to himself
She breath'd her harshest tone ;
To others griefs he gave the sigh,
Which rose not for his own.

In him each pure and manly grace
Was mix'd in just degree ;
Truth, filial love, affection kind,
And bright sincerity.

What tho' around thy brow, brave youth !
Glory her wreath shall twine ;
Say, can that wreath repair the loss
Of virtues such as thine ?

But stay : 'Tis all illusive shade,
The phantom of the brain ;
It sinks, it fades, it dies,—and now
I wake to life again.

And sure some God propitious now
My labouring breast inspires ;
My soul its power prophetic feels,
And glows with all its fires.

Thou

Thou shalt not fall, my DORILAS,
By War's insatiate hand ;
Yet shalt thou live, oh, much lov'd friend !
To bless thy native land.

Yet shalt thou live, my DORILAS,
This anxious mind to calm ;
And cheer a parent's drooping age,
With sweet Affection's balm.

The Virtues o'er their fav'rite son
Will spread some secret charm,
To check the bullet's deathful flight,
And stay th' uplifted arm :

* And when Rebellion stern is crush'd,
And War's alarms shall cease,
Restore him to his long-lost home,
In victory and peace.

Come

* The power prophetic I so much boast of, has here failed me in one instance ; but in another I have been wonderfully successful. My friend has since been reported to have been killed in battle, and was as such bewailed : He is now in the bosom of his native country, in peace, health, and affluence.

Come then, dear youth ! thy wearied limbs
 Shall find a welcome rest ;
 Come, with thy presence cheer the gloom
 Which darkens EDWARD's breast.

F I N I S.

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